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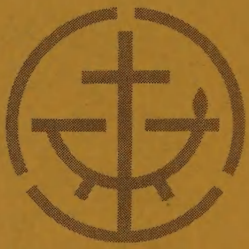
METAPHORS AND SIMILES.

H. W. BEECHER.



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Metaphors, Similes

and other

Characteristic Sayings

of

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1813-188

COMPILED FROM

DISCOURSES

REPORTED BY

T. J. ELLINWOOD,

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

HOMER B. SPRAGUE, Ph.D.

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PREFACE.

This compilation is the first of a series of booklets, or "handy volumes," which it is proposed to publish, of characteristic sayings by Henry Ward Beecher, in various lines of thought, such as abound in his public utterances, and such as it is believed will, when arranged and issued in a compact form convenient for use, be most helpful to students, teachers, writers and speakers, as well as entertaining and instructive to the general reader.

Other volumes of this series are in course of preparation, with the following titles: "Autobiographical Reminiscences;" "Biographical Sketches;" "Remarks on Preaching;" "Rights and Duties of Women;" "Advice to Young People;" "The Management of Children;" "Birds and Flowers;" "Pictures and Music;" "Miscellaneous Selections."

Each chapter in the present volume bears the same title as the discourse from which the extracts it contains have been taken.

The admirable and rare likeness of Mr. Beecher chosen for the frontispiece is now published for the first time.

In selecting the materials for this book I have had the advice and assistance of Dr. Homer B. Sprague, whose personal acquaintance with Mr. Beecher, and familiarity with the great preacher's literary productions, and whose long experience as an educator, author and lecturer, have been such as to eminently qualify him for the work.

This little volume is offered to the public in the earnest hope that its wholesome teaching will find a lodgement in the hearts of those who may peruse its pages, and aid and strengthen them in their search for that which is highest and best.

T. J. ELLINWOOD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
Oct. 5, 1895.

INTRODUCTION.

Since the days of Shakespeare and Milton, it is doubtful if any man has had by nature a more nimble fancy, a more vivid imagination, a more prolific creativeness, or more intense feelings, than Henry Ward Beecher. To these qualifications of the orator were added strong common sense, a subtle, contagious, and irresistible humor, the most unflinching courage, and a deep and tender sympathy with human wants and hopes, joys and sorrows. These traits were energized by immense physical vigor, inherited from his ancestors, and preserved by the strictest temperance and careful bodily exercise. The writer used to meet him almost daily at the Butler Health-Lift in Brooklyn, and to notice the pains he took to maintain his vitality. His magnificent physique carried him triumphantly through labors and sufferings that would have broken down a dozen ordinary men. The buoyancy of perfect health and constant success imparted to his nature a joyousness which in turn

reacted upon his physical system, and made it more elastic. His body was an instrument of the finest and strongest quality, perfectly responsive to the soul within. To crown all, there appeared to be in him a genuine consecration to the service of God and Humanity.

He had a marvelous command of language, evidently improved by careful reading and frequent use of the dictionary. A voice pleasant, though not melodious, firm in its fibre, sometimes gentle and tender, often manly and penetrating—varying in force and quality rather than in pitch or volume—noted for the initial rather than the median "stress"—not managed with such skill as that of O'Connell, or Wendell Phillips, but always under control—sometimes thrilling and tremendous in its intensity, and ringing in the ears long after the sermon was done—a voice never to be forgotten by those who heard him in his moments of highest inspiration—completed the outfit of this extraordinary man.

In his youth and early manhood he had some drill in elocution and gesture, and its effects were visible in his postures whenever he took the platform to speak. He practiced but little art, and there was no attempt to conceal it—as was so successfully done by Phillips, who usually threw

his audiences off their guard by a studied negligence at the outset of his speeches; or by John B. Gough, who was ingenious in disarming his critics, as when he would say, at rising, "I wish to make a few remarks before I begin to speak," and then, while the audience were smiling at the Hibernicism, the preliminary "remarks" would suddenly flame and dazzle like blinding lightning. Beecher often took the attitude which, perhaps, the elocutionist Lovell had taught him, but which had become second nature, and gracefully maintained it till his feelings or fancy made him forget himself. Then he unconsciously became more or less imitative in his delivery, or allowed himself to be carried away by his fervor, till, as was said of his father, he "thundered and lightened all around the horizon." He always imagined himself in the midst of what he was describing, a participator, or at least a sympathetic spectator, of the scene; and his gestures of unconscious imitation made the pictures as realistic as the most consummate actor could have done. Then came the "torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion," sweeping all before it.

He was not a perfect master of style. Passages of exquisite beauty and startling power abound

in his sermons; but he was as careless as Shakespeare, plunging into the midst of a thought and beginning to formulate it without the slightest idea how his language would turn out, or how the sentence might end. Apparently he did not very carefully arrange the topics of his discourse with a view to artistic effect. He had no time for that. He never studied the trick of climax. Had he spoken only half as often, or not more than two-thirds as long, and concentrated his efforts to make each discourse more perfect as a work of art, the effect would have been greater and more lasting. Had he elaborated his sermons as Barrow, South, Bossuet, Chalmers, Bushnell, Robertson, and some others did, more of them would have been immortal. So essential is form. Nothing slipshod goes down to posterity.

Had he carefully trained himself in the art of verse-making, as Milton did, and had his ear been as delicate, he might have become a great poet. But he never studied rhetoric much, nor verse-making at all.

His imagination, however, was Shakespearian. No other man's in these modern times has been more inexhaustibly fertile.

> "For rhetoric he could not ope
> His mouth, but out there flew a trope!"

In the use of figurative language, the similarity between him and the great dramatist is remarkable. Analogies innumerable, resemblances by the hundred, intuitions of inner meanings which never occur to the ordinary intellect, make these master minds art galleries full of portraits, statues, reliefs, scenes and scenery; and suddenly resemblance becomes identity, marble warms with life, pictured eyes sparkle, painted lips break into speech, the ideas are persons. The tongue cannot keep pace; the images come so swift that they blend in mixed metaphor.

Bacon had the ingenious imagination, but not the ardent heart of these men. His soul was an iceberg, glittering but cold.

Burke tells us that a truly fine sentence or paragraph will contain a striking thought and corresponding sentiment, the whole made doubly striking by the force and beauty of figurative expression. His description of Marie Antoinette is a good illustration.

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted upon this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere which she had just begun to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy!"

So Beecher's tremendous defiance of the Fugitive Slave Law, at the time when great northern statesmen were counseling that it be "obeyed with alacrity."

"But as to those provisions which concern aid to fugitives—may God do so to us, yea, and more also, if we do not spurn them as we would any other mandate of Satan! If, in God's Providence, fugitives ask bread or shelter, raiment or conveyance at my hands, my own children shall lack bread ere they; my own flesh shall sting with cold ere they shall lack clothing: and whatsoever defence I would put forth for my own children, that shall these poor, despised, persecuted creatures have at my hands and upon the road. The man who would do otherwise, who would obey this law to the peril of his soul and the loss of his manhood, were he brother, son, or father, shall never pollute my hand with grasp of hideous friendship, nor cast his swarty shadow across my threshold."

It may be well to note the process, to glance into the laboratory. In a happy moment, a man of acute discernment might say with Hamlet, "There's nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so." A truth of vast importance is here involved. Add a picture, and you wonderfully adorn and enforce the thought. Thus with Milton,

> "The mind is its own place, and itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

Here we have two of Burke's constituent elements. Let us add the third, the striking

sentiment. Thus in Shakespeare, Hamlet's uncle, the guilty king, comparing his soul to a feeble bird caught with bird-lime, its feet sinking deeper and deeper the more it struggles to disengage itself from the sticky substance, exclaims in his distress :

> "O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !
> O limèd soul, that struggling to be free
> Art more engaged ! "

So the following from Milton. It is Satan's agony of remorse :

> "Me miserable ! Which way shall I fly
> Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
> Which way I fly is hell ! Myself am hell ! "

It might seem that we had reached the acme. No, there is another step ; the blended thought, image, and passion give rise to personification. Thus :

> "Which way I fly is hell ! Myself am hell !
> And in the lowest deep a lower deep
> *Still threatening to devour me,* opens wide,
> To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven ! "

Take this from Shakespeare, who excels all others in the frequency and felicity of this fused thought, sentiment, imagery, and personification,

though the union is not, as Richard Grant White alleges, peculiar to Shakespeare :

> "Night's candles are burned out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top!"

Or this :

> "Within the hollow crown
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
> Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits
> Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp."

So Beecher starts with a great truth, and a deep feeling. An apt picture flashes through his mind, and he incorporates it. Ere he is aware, the fusing heat blends thought, passion, picture, in glowing personification — a four-fold combination — and the product becomes truly Shakespearian.* A single paragraph, which we happen

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* Professor Ellinwood, Mr. Beecher's authorized reporter for thirty years, writes me: "I once heard Mr. Beecher say, in regard to the figures by which, in speaking, he illustrated his subjects, that often they crowded upon his mind in such multitudes that it was only a matter of choice which he should use. In reporting his discourses, I noticed that now and then he would drop one figure unfinished, and substitute another for it. He said, in explanation, that not unfrequently, while presenting an illustration, another, better suited to his purpose, would pass before his mental vision."

to light upon in the peroration of his sermon of Sunday morning, Jan. 24, 1886, will sufficiently illustrate these points and the spirit of the man.

"The banners fly, and whoever is for the Lord must come and enlist under the banner of Christ Jesus. Do not sneak and hide, and, because you are relatively imperfect, refuse, through misinterpreting pride, to join the Church of Christ. Join little, big, fine, coarse, ignorant, knowledgeable! It takes all kinds of men, put together, to make that mighty representation of Christ in the Church. *Not for my sake, not even for your own sake, do I call you, though there are eternities in your case; but for Christ's sake, and for the sake of this poor staggering world, that still groans and travails in pain until this day!*—for these high and noble sakes, I appeal to every young man, to every maiden, to every man and every woman—on which side are you in this mighty conflict that is going on in heaven and earth and to the grand close? Choose ye this day which side you will take! And may God help you."

HOMER B. SPRAGUE.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.,
October 4, 1895.

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PATIENCE.

I.

PATIENCE.

Many men who are impatient are a great deal more patient than some who are far more patient than they—if you can untangle the knot!

When you take a man that is constitutionally healthy and joyous, and not over-sensitive, and put him through a course of troubles, he scarcely feels them. To him they are nothing, because they strike on leathery skin, upon a resilient and buoyant nature, and bound off from him without causing him to suffer. But if you take another man who has no skin, so that his nerves lie on the outside, and put him in the same situation, every particle of dust that touches him causes him intense pain. The former may not speak a hasty word through the long day; but he deserves no credit, because there is no hasty word that he wants to speak. There may not be

an hour of the day in which the latter does not want to speak a hasty word; and yet he may so far control his impulses as to refrain from speaking it; and he is deserving of great credit.

Suppose a man should take a babe and lay it down to sleep by the side of a crocodile, in a place that was infested by mosquitoes and gnats and sand flies; and suppose when the child, bitten by these insects and suffering with pain, waked up and began to fret and cry, the crocodile should say, "My dear child, what is the matter? Why are you so irritable? I do not feel anything. I can keep my patience." Many men are covered with thick shells, and are good natured because nothing hurts them. Such men ought not to be censors of those who suffer acutely at every pore.

It is in the silent battle-fields, in the obscure and hidden places of the soul's experience, that God looks for his martyrs and heroes. There are now and then heroes that are disclosed and obvious to men; but the time will come when the most illustrious heroes of the world will be sought

for among men who took their lives in their hand for a great truth or principle, made themselves exiles on earth, disrobed themselves of honors, and gave up the ordinary privileges of gaining profit and pleasure, such as most men crave. Men and women who stand in their humble spheres to do great deeds of self-renunciation, and bear suffering for others, with no hope of reward except that which inevitably follows right conduct, are true heroes.

Patience implies willingness and ability to bear suffering for some good reason. That is to say, it is self-command. It is saying to the stronger parts of a man's mind, when the weaker parts are suffering, "Go to their help." It is saying to a man's conscience, when he is suffering in a lower feeling, "Go to the rescue of that lower feeling; give your strength to it; intone it; hold it up."

When suffering first comes, it seeks to spring upon the mind, or upon some faculty of the mind, and ride it; and there is power given to a man deliberately to take suffering off

from that faculty, and put it under his feet. It may lacerate and tear; but there is a power to hold it in its place, and wait, with smiles and contentment, until its office work is done, and it passes away.

Many men, though they are not afraid of suffering, dodge it, hide from it, coy with it; but he that finds coming upon him suffering of any kind, whether of body or soul, high or low, and knows how, by a feeling, complex or simple, to bravely carry it, and not be imbruted nor adumbrated by it, is a man that exercises patience. To have an ache, a grief, or a sorrow, and endure it, and still keep every part of the mind acting harmoniously and sweetly and victoriously—that is to be patient.

We have glimpses and fragmentary experiences of this glorying of the higher nature over the infirmities of the lower. Where it becomes a habitual state of mind, one is not far from being perfect. When a man can let troubles fall upon him thick and fast, morning, noon, and night, and triumph over them, he lacks nothing.

One by mighty patience is able to endure the strokes of fear, and another endures them because he does not feel them. The nature of the latter is such that he is not susceptible to fear. The very first element of patience, therefore, is, that you do care for things, and that you do feel their edge or point.

True patience always sees, or believes in, some benefit to arise from bearing trouble. In other words, it is a moral exchange, suffering being the price that one pays for a greater good to be enjoyed by-and-by. The coin which we give for higher elevation is iron, and hard to circulate; but the product is golden. Suffering is that which turns everything it touches into gold. It is the philosopher's stone that transmutes to a higher form all that is low and groveling in us.

One may put forth a hundred times as much courage and zeal as another, and yet not succeed in controlling his temper as well as that other. There is many a man that builds fort after fort over against a temptation without being able to protect himself from it, while his neighbor makes no effort to shield himself from it and yet is not harmed nor annoyed by it.

Some there are who will never have less than the whole of that which is to be made out of their troubles; but there are others who have learned every day to dust the garments of their soul as they do the garments of their body. People do not usually collect all the dirt they can find on their hat and boots and coat, and save it: they usually brush it off, sweep it out-of-doors, and are glad to get rid of it; and yet, men are slow to forget the little speeches that have been made about them; the little wrongs that have been done them; the little conflicts they have had with each other; the little frets and annoyances of life. They ponder over them, and make the most of the suffering they are able to extract from them.

It is a great thing for a man to be magnanimous—to carry himself with a spiritualized good nature when he is perplexed, picked at, pierced, and wronged. It is a great thing to bear up under one's suffering, and not think of it. I love to see a great nature, not that is insensitive to troubles, but that has trained himself so that he meets them as in winter a man wraps his cloak about him, and goes through the snow-storm

without thinking of it. After a little experience a man may come to that state in which he can shine down these things.

We carry great heaviness of spirit, often, which holds us down. Sometimes we have aspirations, and would fly; but we are like birds that are in cages, and cannot fly.

The world at large is not made to meddle with the delicacies of love; and in every nature there is a vast realm of silence where, if patience be not found, woe be to it! But if patience does gain victories there, perfection is not far off.

NATURAL LAWS MORAL

AND

MORAL LAWS NATURAL.

II.

NATURAL LAWS MORAL AND MORAL LAWS NATURAL.

A man may do things which are not forbidden by his fellow-men, but which are forbidden by the way in which he is made. There is no law against a man's reading at untimely hours. Yes, there is. Where is the statute book in which that law is written? In the ball and nerve of the eye. God wrote it there.

There is no law that a man must not eat indigestible food. Yes, there is. Was it proclaimed from Mount Sinai? No. Your stomach is your Mount Sinai for such a law as that. Transgress it and see.

Men seem to think that while natural laws will certainly strike, moral laws will not. Yes, they will.

You are a violator of natural law; and it makes no difference that the transgression of each day is so minute, for a thousand minute transgressions, like a myriad of snowflakes, form an avalanche that carries the power of God. A snowflake seems to be the sign of weakness, that comes wavering through the air, uncertain whether it will fall or fly; but let snowflakes accumulate in vast heaps upon the mountain side, and when they break away you have a manifestation of the power of these minutiæ.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.

III.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.

If one declares that there is no person living who does not lie, he confesses himself to be a liar. He who declares that there is not a pure nature on earth, asserts his own impurity. The possibility of the existence of the quality of goodness may be recognized by very wicked men. It is the faith of a man in the quality of goodness or unselfishness which indicates the existence of that quality in himself. Our hope that there will be a higher style of benevolent action rests on the almost universal faith that there is the possibility of it. When I hear a man say that all men, and all women too, are corrupt, always and all through, I make up my mind that there is no hope for him. A man who does not believe in goodness cannot be good. If a man smells corruption in everybody, he has it in himself. When, therefore, I hear young men or maidens decrying disinterested benevolence, I feel that unless they are mistaken

in the definition of the quality, the only remedy in their case is regeneration or death.

You shall not find a single man in history that has been canonized by the hearts of the people, who was not supposed to be disinterested in benevolence. There have been ten thousand men who were heroes by reason of courage, but who have sunk out of sight. A man may have wisdom, capacity and bravery, but he does not become a hero that generations embalm and refuse to let die, unless he is supposed to have acted from disinterested considerations.

In the matter of disinterested benevolence, all you can demand is, that benevolence shall be the dominant faculty, leading and controlling the other faculties, and being the real mainspring of the feeling which produces the course of action.

The constitution of the world is such that benevolence is the best interest of every man; it is the royal road to individual as well as social happiness; and when a man acts from an inspira-

tion of good-will to others, he says, "That is the way to make myself happy." He knows it; but that is not the reason why he performs the act.

Intrinsically, disinterested benevolence is delightful. It is the action of the mind in its highest state and purest harmony.

When our higher nature undertakes to act, and our passions rise up against it, they are to be put down, with pain and crucifixion even, if it need be.

Self-denial is always painful in the resisting part of our nature, but never in the directing part.

True disinterested benevolence is, in and of itself, joyful. It is less than that only by reason of the mixture of our motives, and of the low estate in which we live in this world. As we are truly developed, and as we go up in the scale of being, our virtues become purer and more perfectly resonant with joy.

The most selfish men, and the men who believe least in disinterestedness, long to find somebody that is unselfish; and when there is found a man who seems to act not for himself but for his fellows, all men bow down to him, worship him, and call him divine.

There is something in men which longs to see essential kindness. Though they do not see much of it, for the reason that there is not much of it to see, they are always drifting about it, and supplying by the imagination what is lacking, that they may have this conception in a concrete form. The human heart longs to see, not in God alone but in men, the attainment of this heroic quality of true, disinterested benevolence; and no man, I think, believes in any human quality the germs and possibilities of which are not in himself.

WHAT MEN WILL DO FOR MONEY.

IV.

WHAT MEN WILL DO FOR MONEY.

It is no time to say that man cannot, in civilized society, be guilty of cannibalism. I tell you there are more cannibals in New York than in the isles of the Pacific! and if to-day you were suddenly to take away the support that comes from eating men, there would be thousands and thousands of empty maws to-morrow in that city!

There are multitudes of sewing and laboring women who are driven down to a point of poverty beyond which one single step is starvation, and starvation is the door of heaven in comparison—*damnation!* Into that, with utter indifference and remorseless greed they are thrust, as sheep are thrust into the shambles for butchery.

There are dens and orgies. Nothing this side

of hell can equal myriads of these places. We do not need to go to Vesuvius to see volcanoes. We have them all around us, in spite of the police and the common sense of the community.

There is nothing more patent and nothing more melancholy than that a man will make money out of his fellow man—literally, out of his blood and bones—if he can. There is no measure of cruelty, no depth of wickedness, no degree of meanness, that men will not come to practice for the sake of getting money—I hope at first with scruples and reluctances, but at last without sensation or delicacy. There is nothing gigantic in fraud, nothing base and treacherous and heartless, that men will not do for the sake of realizing pelf.

If you take the treatment of emigrants that land on our shores; if you consider the deliberate deceptions, the fleecings, the overwhelming ruin brought upon families; if you call to mind their beggary, and what is worse, their compulsory degradation; if you cull from mute lips histories, now suppressed and unknown, of unutterable anguish suffered by those who cannot speak the

tongue of the land to which they have come; if you understand that these things are reduced to a business, and are carried on by men who care neither for tears, for anguish, for separation, nor for the deep damnation that they heap on the victim's head, you cannot doubt that men will do anything for the sake of money.

The testimony respecting the treatment of sailors, the lairs and dens into which they are enticed, the outrages they suffer, the utter abominations of inhumanity that from year to year remain unexplored and untouched, is one of the most prolific chapters of bottomless lust and avarice.

Strangers that sojourn in our midst find themselves watched for, as men watch for game in the woods. The trapper does not more cunningly spread his snares for game than does the gambler and soul-destroyer set his traps for men—and with no desire except their destruction and a little temporary gain.

A man, if he is stripped of his possessions, can repair the damage. If he is thrown down to-day, he may be on his feet again to-morrow. There are endless resources open to a man. But a woman—what can she do?

You cannot tell by the way a tree looks, whence its roots are sucking sap. There is many a man that wears clean linen, and has good associates, and appears regularly at the house of God, and sits down at the communion table, and munches his bread, and drinks his wine, and seems to be a Christian man, who, if you follow down his roots, you will find to be drawing his nourishment from the common sewers.

Vice is a corruption, not of morals simply, but of property as well. It is not merely a burden to its victims, but it is destructive to the whole community. It is a taxgatherer and oppressor. It wrongs the poor, it wrongs those who are next to the poor, it wrongs those who are next to them, it wrongs you, it wrongs me, it wrongs everybody.

It is true respecting the whole enlightened community that the interests of virtue and whatever promotes virtue are a good investment, and that whatever destroys virtue in the end injures property.

Palaces of pleasure there are where death is double-edged. Hundreds and thousands are traveling in ways which are called *ways of pleasure*, but which are ways of damnation ; and there is a great deal of capital invested in them. These haunts of miscalled pleasure are winked at and encouraged by thousands and thousands besides those who are known to be directly responsible for them. If it were not for what may be called *respectable hypocritical capitalists* they could not exist as they do.

Whenever it is proposed to maintain public order, and put down public ruin and disgrace, the air is full of cries of men about the violation of their liberty and their rights ! What are such men as these doing but standing at the bloody crank of the huge mill into whose hopper are thrown men and women and children, as they

grind them up to make money out of their blood and substance?

Ten thousand wretched hearts have sighed, and sorrowed, and prayed to God, saying, "Lord, why has my babe died?" It was killed by foul milk, drawn from the foul udders of foul animals, that were fed to disease, fever and rottenness! And there are men who go on furnishing the community with such milk, just because there is money made by it.

Do you suppose the men who are adulterating food, and corrupting the staff of life, do not know that they are spreading sorrow and trouble and mischief? They know it perfectly well; but they do not care. They are making money, and that is the main thing to their thought. All human comfort, and life itself, put into one scale, with money in the other, do not weigh a particle so far as they are concerned.

The great battle between the lower passions and the higher passions has been going on from

the beginning of the world down to our day, and is to go on, not less but more fiercely, to the end.

The ground-work of to-day is a positive, and not merely a negative one. We are to take our stand in the conflict between right and wrong, and struggle for the right. Citizens should clearly understand the nature of those disturbances which bubble up now and then in human affairs. No man has a right to be indifferent to good and evil; and you cannot but choose one or the other. Which will you choose?

All true citizens should be taught to unite in securing the triumph of purity, right and humanity in our struggles. The time has come when good men are in such numbers that, if they will cast aside inferior issues, and turn their hearts to great moral ends, there is no question but that these cities may be controlled, purified and lifted up; and I think there is no triumph that would be more illustrious.

I do not object to sending missionaries to India.

Every missionary sent abroad leavens the missionary spirit at home. I sympathize with, and urge, the sending of missionaries to the islands of the sea; but while they are attacking remote heathenism, there is a Juggernaut in our midst. Here in the liquor interest, here in polluting licentiousness, here in fraud and malfeasance, are the great death-sores of American society; and it is the duty of every Christian man, in every instance, to see to it that where he is called to exert himself in public affairs, he so acts that his influence shall sustain right, justice and purity.

FRUITFULNESS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

V.

FRUITFULNESS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Oh, that men were like chimneys! Although chimneys collect soot all the time, they can be cleaned. But men cannot be cleansed from the soot which they collect in the smoke of life. They become dirty from the handling of the world; and nothing suffers so much in men as do the higher, nobler, better feelings. The worst things in men are the least injured, just as the hardest part of a tree suffers the least by handling. The finer emotions of the mind are like blossoms that will not bear being handled much, that become quickly soiled, and that soon wilt and wither. Generosities, purities, moral aspirations, the romantic parts of a man, are the things that soonest crumble and fall to the ground.

Three hundred and sixty-five volumes in a year would be written if the definite reflections,

motives and emotions that every day pass distinctly through your mind, and have relation to your character and eternal destiny, should be printed in a book. What enormous fruitfulness! and how much of it seems to drop unnoticed! It is simply impossible for a man to take note of such a flow of inward life. One cannot keep pace even with that which is outward.

The very nature of the mind is such that its product is noiseless and without exponent. No man can overhang his own soul and inspect its experience. Thoughts and feelings shoot out in shafts, as it were, like pencils of light that carry the primary colors, and yet seem to be but one color. Who can trace, in the amazing rapidity of its action, the mind in all its moods, complexities and combinations, or in its transitions and changes into different keys, as it were?

It would be easier for a man to count the drops of a river that flows by him, deep and rapid, than to count the thoughts and feelings and fancies that make the river of life which proceeds from the soul.

If, in this fresh creation, when the pulse bounds to thoughts and feelings, and the nerves are fired, and life and action are inspired by them, they cannot be recognized, how much less can we turn back to remember them! There is no book-keeper that puts them down. The mind keeps no account of them. This vast multitude, this enormous army of the products of your mind, march noiselessly, every day, in the soul.

The mind's action is like that of an engineer who works under water. He goes down in a diving-bell, and is hidden. The work progresses, and the structure rises, but it does not show above water at all. It is there, but it is deep-seated and concealed. Thus the eternal foundations of the mind's character are laid far down and strong, the work being so out of sight that men do not see it nor suspect it. Such being the case, men are being destroyed by faults of which they have no conception; for faults, oftentimes, are like mines with which men blow up bastions and towers of fortifications. Afar off, they by whom the work is done break ground, and hidden and unseen they dig until they have carried the mine under the foundation. The occupants of

the place know not what is going on till the last moment, when the tower leaps into the air, as if it were filled with life, and that which before was a strong defence is a heap of ruins. I know men who have a mine laid right under the curtain-wall, which only awaits the day and hour when it shall be fired. I know men who continually walk over mines capacious enough to hold forty hogsheads of rum, but who do not know that it is under them. I know men who have mines dug under the very port of their life by rank dishonesties. I know men that have vices enough utterly to destroy them. But they work under ground, and they will not notice them, and nobody will tell them of their danger, and they will perish. But though they do not know about these things, God knows about them, and the devil knows about them.

Not one in twenty of all those mental operations which are inwardly working to form that eternal character which shall carry reward or punishment, joy or woe, excites men's attention, or ever comes to their remembrance. It is a terrible thing to have this engineering going on in a man, and he know nothing about it, and take no account of it.

Men are insensibly filling up the mold and frame of their character in entire ignorance. Their passions and thoughts and fancies are like so many clerks. Suppose a man should neglect his business, and give unlimited power to his clerks, and they, in his counting-room, should go on signing papers, filling up checks, running him in debt, tying up his affairs, and he should know nothing about it? You have not less than forty clerks; and there is not a day in which one or another of them does not use pen and ink that carry judgment in God's day of reckoning. They are writing what they please. Many of them are confidential clerks. One is Pride; another is Vanity; another is Lust of Power; another is Greed of Gain; another is Self-Indulgence. If they go on unrestrained, those clerks will break you, as sure as there is a God in heaven. Your eternal affairs are becoming involved, your spiritual interests are being hazarded, and you know nothing about it.

It does not take much to make a popular man. A kind of outside goodness; a sort of leniency toward other people's faults; the knack of making men happy by wit and mirth; the art of stroking

men's love of self pleasantly—these qualities will make a very good fellow. There is nothing that makes a man "good" but the knowledge of how to tickle other men's selfishness, and please them with themselves.

Hundreds and hundreds of men are going straight to perdition; but that which is carrying them there is hidden from their view. They have secret thoughts enough to sink a ship, and yet they carry them buoyantly and bravely. Nay, men anxiously and purposely hide the truth from themselves.

How imperceptibly persons grow out of free, generous, sympathizing youth into narrow, close, selfish, stingy manhood!

Here is a youth that is docile and humble, but aspiring and full of promise; and who would ever suppose that by degrees and gradations so gentle as not to leave a crease or a seam, he would grow up to be a hard and cruel man?

Here is a sensitive child, whose cheek becomes incarnadine at the thought of wickedness; and yet, being brought constantly into contact with evil, he goes through such a process of thinking and training that, step by step, he comes to a point at which it is no more trouble for him to thrust a dagger through a man's heart, and to join in league with the greatest criminals, than at first it was for him to be pure and innocent. And, great as is the change that has been wrought in him, he cannot point to the spot where, nor to the time when, it occurred. Little by little, and unconsciously, he passed from one extreme to the other.

Crimes and vices may be of two kinds: they may be occasional, intermitting experiences, or they may be simple exponents of the general character. Where vices and crimes are pimples that indicate the habitual state of the blood, the man is corrupted all through; but a man may now and then have a pimple when his blood is not very bad.

If a man is sober and touches no intoxicating

drink during the whole year till the ill-fated first of January, and then goes around to see his friends who unkindly tempt him with wine, and he gets drunk, what proportion does that single day of intoxication bear to all the twelve months, lacking one day, of temperance? And, on the other hand, if a man is drunk twelve months, lacking one day, and is sober only on the first of January, what proportion does that single temperate day bear to all the wallow of the beastly year?

It is possible for a man to abstain from outward manifestations of wickedness, and yet be wicked through and through. There is a paltry, narrow, unmanly kind of prudence, which keeps a man back from lion-like wickedness. Guarded by such prudence, a man does not do anything on a large scale. He does not venture at all. His sins are all mermaids. There is not a line on them. But they are all as mean, and they indicate as much wickedness, as sins that are more overt and of greater magnitude. He never stole or robbed, nor committed what is called a crime, nor indulged in what goes by the name of vice; but there is not a throb of his soul that is not a

throb of selfishness. There is not a pulsation of his life that is not a pulsation of pride. There is not a movement of his mind that is not in the channels of vanity. He is corrupt in every part of his being, only his corruption is made up of infinitesimal depravities. He is sin-rotten. There are a great many such men. They are keyed to selfishness. Their purposes are selfish. All their ways are selfish. Their whole conception of living is selfish. There are men whose entire character has been built up with successive steps of invisible wickedness, until, although they are decent and law-abiding, and although they stand well in society, when God looks upon them he loathes them.

I have taken notice, when I have seen men tapping a gas-main, that those who worked in the escaping gas all the time did not smell it, whereas those who but occasionally came near it, smelled it very sensibly; and I take notice that men who are constantly in the midst of the stench of their own corruption never mind it.

PATIENT WAITING.

VI.

PATIENT WAITING.

Upon the woman comes the greatest weight of sorrow in all afflictions. It is rare that a man suffers as a woman does, from death in the household. Upon her comes the duty of patient waiting with the sick. She it is that has hand-to-hand conflicts with Death: at last, in the charge by which the feeble structure is overthrown, she is found confronting the dread enemy face to face; and after the struggle is over, in which death has been victorious, she is the greatest mourner. At the Cross last, and at the Sepulchre first, were the women; and by them more tears were shed and more sufferings felt than by all the other disciples. That is typical of woman's lot in the household the world over; and women need, perhaps more than any others, the spirit of patient waiting.

I remember that once, on going into my father's kitchen, in Ohio, to speak to Charles, our hostler and gardener, I found him reading a book in which I thought I perceived mathematical diagrams. On examining it, I found it to be a scientific treatise on geography, in which all the astronomical problems were wrought out. As I had seen him, from night to night, with his tallow candle, poring over this book as though it were the last new novel in the hand of beauty (though he was not beautiful), I asked him if he understood what he read. "Certainly," said he, "most certainly." I saw that there was some Latin in the book, and asked him if he could read that. Oh, yes, he could read Latin, and he talked it. It put my college honors somewhat in peril, and I feared he might be talking to me in Latin! "Do you understand Greek?" I said. "Oh, no; I can only *read* it—I cannot *speak* it." There was that man, deriving his small monthly wages from my hand, and he was my master, probably, in every walk of science and literature.

Appropriate work, which we like, covers up sensibility, takes away temptation, withdraws the

mind from morbid cares and fears, and gives it wholesome employment. It is a good thing to work because you *love* to. If you do not love to work, it is a good thing to work because you *have* to.

While people are young, or strong, or prosperous, they think little of the great army with muffled banners who are silently walking amid troubles and disappointments, day by day, unable to do or achieve.

Men are not always, by any means, matched to their appropriate work, nor joined to their appropriate place in society. There is neither principle, nor law, nor experience, by which we can always sort our children and connect them with the thing for which they are best adapted in their outward nature. Besides all that, however well a man may be situated, and however well adapted his education and faculties may be to his position, there are ruptures of society, upheavings and sweepings of Providence, that dislocate men.

A man may have power in his own language; but let him travel in Europe, where he passes from the English to the French, from the French to the Spanish, and from the Spanish to the German, and see how that power is shut up in his mouth. If a man feels proud at home, I would advise him to go abroad, for a month or two, and learn how insignificant he is. A man traveling in a land of whose language he is ignorant is like a man swimming in the Atlantic. He is shorn of those ten thousand comprehensive ways which at home made him vital, sympathetic and useful, but being shorn of which he is left almost as a dead man.

Society is full of persons who are below their appropriate level. Where this occurs in youth it is right, because young people can press their way up; they are like young and vigorous plants that draw an abundant supply of food for growth through the roots below; but when men pass the climax of life, and with discouraged spirit are thrown down below their level, it is not so easy for them to obtain nourishment. Then the root itself in them is impaired; and when they are

transplanted they can scarcely get hold of the soil again, to grow.

Largely, women do not enter into the social state; but, as that state is built of glass, when they are once in it some sidelong blow may shiver it in a moment. Such is the uncivilized condition of society that there are but few alternatives for a woman. Women who are broken off from their relations to the domestic circle find but few channels in which they can employ thought, taste, fidelity, affection, and stand independent in the community.

Are there not multitudes whose minds are stored with valuable information, who have fineness of taste that indicates much of the artist nature, and who have been trained to nice moral distinctions, but who ply the needle, teach in the lowest schools, or spend their energies in the meaner walks of life? Are there not multitudes who are conscious that the greatest part of their inward nature is buried, and has no function? Are there not multitudes who, although there are a few things on which they can bring the power of their

mind to bear in its higher ranges, are conscious that they are carrying the great orb of their being in obscuration, veiled and darkling?

The power Hungarians had in their own country was gone from them when they came here, and in some respects they were buried alive while they lived. God deliver me from being an exile, from being a stranger in a strange land, out of reach of my mother tongue. Send me to prison; give me quicker dismission by the halter; let the bullet do its work on me: but, of all that could be sent me of misfortune and trouble, the worst would be that which should place me among strange people, speaking a strange tongue; to walk up and down without position, without a function, without a home, without a country, and without friends.

Some men are obliged to stand low, and see other men, who are pigmies compared with them, going onward and upward. It may be very easy, if you are prosperous, to say that such men ought to wait; that they ought to clothe themselves with patience; that they ought to substitute

large-mindedness for a narrow complaining disposition; but did you ever walk where they are called to walk? Would you be willing to change places with them, and see how easy their lot is to bear? Nevertheless, your advice is good. I too, think men who are thrown into circumstances where they are obliged to derive their very life, not from outward success, not from attritions and collisions with their fellow men, not from the remunerations of pride, but from deeper sources—from faith and hope, and trust in God, and the resplendent horizon of the future life, which shall never be marred by circumstances—should have royalty of disposition, and wait patiently. But it is not easy to give them this advice, nor is it easy to blame them if they do not readily take it.

Where our enforced idleness is of a transient nature, we look hopefully forward to being restored again to vigor; but where incapacity becomes our daily attendant, our hope dies away. Moreover, long-continued sickness ceases to excite sympathy, because it has not alarm in it. We sympathize with our friends in proportion as we think they are in danger. Our sympathy for a man who has the toothache is *nil*.

Where men have sickness in the form of weariness, and do not suffer from violent pain; where they are so fragile that they break down under almost every stress, and find it impossible to plan, or at any rate to achieve, in life; where they are obliged, continually, to ask leave of their brain to think, and to ask leave of their feet to walk; where they are prisoners, and every member of their body is a jailer, and they feel that this condition is to continue, not for a week, nor a day, nor a month, nor a year, but as long as they live, and that their life is to be shortened by it; where they are obliged, with their body of death and all its infirmities, to walk in obscurity, and to be forever pensioners upon the doctor—under such circumstances it is not easy for them to patiently wait. And yet here is a sphere of waiting—that kind of moral waiting in which a man measures his condition, and then clothes himself with a manly grace which enables him to accept the lot to which in the providence of God he is appointed, and lift up his head inwardly, if not outwardly.

Many that we call shiftless are like a bag that stands up when it is full, and collapses when it is empty.

LAYING UP TREASURES.

VII.

LAYING UP TREASURES.

The mind can be fed only by the mind. Money cannot buy love, sincere praise, honor, trust, sympathy; and yet without these a man starves to death. An animal can live without them, but a man, who does not live by bread alone, cannot.

If one gets riches and keeps them to the very end of this life, there still will come the everlasting future. There is a life compared with which this life is but a fringe or margin; and woe be to the man who has no treasures laid up for that life!

It is possible for a man to be refined and good, and yet extremely poor, in a rich city; but it is not possible to take cities, nations or tribes, and

keep them at the bottom in respect to property, and yet civilize them, or develop in them any eminent degree of culture.

It would seem as if saving property must inevitably bring men down to material and physical conditions. At first it does draw the individual man thitherward; but its secondary effect through society at large is to lift men away from the earthly and material life, giving them leisure for high culture; for art and learning; for all the rounds of intellectual life—which could not be the case if men were always compelled to spend their best strength in serving the body with the means of bare existence. A man who is so near to nothing that he is obliged every day to think of his mouth and his skin, who lives to deal with secular things absolutely, has very little surplus strength left by which to develop the higher and nobler parts of his nature. By wealth accumulated in communities there is secured for moral education a broader platform. By it is secured leisure, with means and instruments by which men are taken away from physical conditions and lifted up toward the intellectual and spiritual.

Men must have more than wealth, even for the enjoyment of wealth. Indispensable as accumulated treasures are to the civilization of communities, much as wealth empowers the individual, and is the golden key that opens many and many a door that is shut to poverty, yet even wealth is powerless to bless men by the things it can give if the possessor has nothing else. We must have truth, honor, fidelity, or we will lack those very elements which give wealth its chief value.

Money will do very little good to a man who is without character; for when money shall have addressed itself to the narrow circle of his passions, and fed them, it still has left the whole manhood in him unfed and untouched. The hunger of the soul goes on.

If a man be evil, without repute of social goodness; if he be hard, miserly, unlovely, selfish, inexorable, exacting, and ungenerous, men will hedge him up with their dislikes till he is shut out of society, and almost void of satisfaction.

There is nothing to me more piteous than the outcry of the soul of a man who, during all his earlier years, has accumulated until at last he has all that money can give, but who is obliged to confess that his riches are not enough, and who, in the longing of his inward nature, says, "O man, love me! O man, praise me! my soul hungers and thirsts. I fain would be happy, but money cannot make me so. Let me have honor and sympathy. What are the ways by which men have earned the favor of their fellow-men? Let me earn it."

Even if one gains wealth it is subject to fluctuations, particularly in our age of the world, and in this land, where no man has any guarantee that he will long possess it. My life has not run through a very great number of years; and yet I have lived to see two or three generations of rich men plowed under.

It is a terrible thing, after years of luxurious living in this world, to be suddenly turned out into poverty. And if this is a misfortune, how much more is that a misfortune by which a man

is turned out of this world, and all his wealth and prosperity here, and sent a bankrupt into the other life!

He that is developing his reason, his affections and his moral sentiments, according to the laws of God, is laying up treasure for heaven; and it is by these things that we are to live in heaven. But are these the only treasures that are laid up in heaven? I think not. I believe many are laying up treasures of faith and of prayer in heaven. I believe those ten thousand yearnings, aspirations, nameless feelings, which lift us up morning or evening above the ordinary routine of life, and teach us that we are different from the mere animal, are registered in heaven. I believe there is a literature of the heart which is undying.

We are laying up treasures by all the good that we do upon others—upon our children and our fellow-men who have been objects of our care, solicitude, and labors of love. A word of yours, fitly spoken, may have saved a soul; and God will forever pay you interest on that capital. Your fidelity may have brought scores out of ignorance,

and you will not fail to reap your reward. Of all the treasures that we lay up in heaven, methinks none will strike us with more surprise than the treasures of consciences purified, hearts lifted up and souls redeemed, by our instrumentality.

I have vindicated the wisdom of commerce and of industry. I justify you, mechanic, merchant, rover of the sea. If men say you are squandering your life because you are laying up earthly treasures, I stand between you and your accusers, and say it is wise to make money. It is not wise to *hoard* it, but it is wise to lay it up. That man who lives in his early years for his middle age is a wise man; and that man who lives in his early years and middle age for his whole life is a wise man. You have a right to lay up treasures in this world; but oh, what fools they are who know enough to do that, and do not know enough to do the rest! It is there that I condemn you, and take all excuses from you.

There are a great many poor men who are very rich, and a great many rich men who are very poor.

You are all workers, or you are vagabonds.

The less chance a man has for success, the more credit is due him if he succeeds. Any man can run down hill; but he that can clamber up to the top of a steep precipice where birds can scarcely go, and where few men dream of going, and cast down opposition, and intrench himself there, deserves the highest praise.

Men talk much about "*menial*" callings. What is a menial calling? It is a calling that makes a man *mean*. The moment any calling makes a man a *man*, he has dignified it and glorified it. Show me the chrysalis first, and what a prejudice I have against butterflies! but show me the butterfly first, and after I have seen that, how beautiful the skin looks out of which it was hatched! I carry the beauty of the thing itself back to that from which it came, and by association dignify it. And I honor a man that has built himself up in vocations where no one suspected such a thing; that has dug up treasures where none but such an ingenious and industrious man could have done it. But oh, by as much as

you have been wise, sagacious and rich in these things, I dishonor you, I deride you, I inveigh against you, if you have stopped with them, and have no wisdom at all for your manhood—if you have everything for your boyhood, your earthhood, and nothing for heaven—everything for time, and nothing for eternity!

Many men are a great deal richer than their money makes them. They are rich in bills, in silver, in gold, but they are a thousand times richer in the currency of their thoughts and feelings. I know men who are richer in heart and soul than you would suspect. There are men whom, though men gird them about with prejudices, and batter them with their tongues, God sees as seams of gold, of diamonds, of rubies, of precious stones, and of whose riches the world has no idea.

There are many men who are a great deal poorer than they seem to be. I will not mention their names, but I think of men in the city of New York of whom I have sometimes said to my chance companion, as we walked along the streets, "For

what would you be such a man? If you had to take his nature, would money buy you?" I have seen men such that if the earth were one solid mass of gold, and there were another world rigged for me to enjoy it in, it would not hire me to be like them. They are rich on the outside, rich in their clothes, rich in their pockets, rich in all but aspiration and spiritual relish and manhood, rich in everything but that which is immortal; and yet they are poor, *poor*, POOR!

REMOTE AND PERMANENT RESULTS.

VIII.

REMOTE AND PERMANENT RESULTS.

I do not know that there is one thing, outside of love to God, that it is more important that young men and women should understand than that there is a law of equity which runs through every department of human life, and that you cannot get more than you pay for.

That which you can grow in a day is lettuce; and how long will it last? That which it takes a hundred years to grow is the oak; and it lasts forever. Time is the best tan-bark in the world. It seasons things, and makes them tough as leather.

How do you talk to your son, who is about to start out in life? Do you say to him, "My boy, live for what you can find to-day"? Do you not

say to him, "My son, foresight is the very life of business"? Do you not point to this or that man and say, "He does not see further than the end of his nose"? Do you not warn him against following the example of men who run upon quick adventures and get sudden harvests? Do you not say to him, "My son, you must lay foundations. It is not possible for you in a day to organize a great business, and understand affairs in all their parts, and have the confidence of men so that you can command social and commercial resources. Therefore you must not be in a hurry"?

Men who have left works that have stamped them with a just reputation of possessing genius have been, since the world began, the most industrious, the most multifarious and the most continuous workers, no matter where you look for them.

Those results in moral conduct, in intellectual enterprise and in social elements, which interpose the least time and the fewest processes between cause and effect, are the most evanescent and the poorest. In other words, the things that it takes

the shortest time to do are apt to have the least in them; whereas, those results which spring from complex causes, from long-acting and interacting influences, and which require a great deal of time in their development, are generally the most rich and enduring.

"Patient continuance in well-doing" is the very law of success; and all results that are really sudden are to be suspected as transient and unsubstantial.

God has established human life on a law of reciprocity. As you cannot buy from a fellow-man commodities without a price equivalent to their value, so you cannot obtain from nature nor from society benefits out of proportion to the price which you pay for them.

Whatever you want in thought you must render an equivalent for in industry. Whatever you want of praise, of power, of wealth, since it cannot be stolen, must be earned by fair equivalents. If any man seems to get it without having paid an

equivalent, the results will show at last that it was illusive, and that no man ever did have and keep that which was worth having and keeping except it had been earned by square equivalents.

There is an impression that men can take short ways to prosperity—that they can safely make haste to be rich; but if men felt universally that it was as absurd to take short and dubious ways to obtain success and influence in wealth, in learning, in art, in literature, as it would be to take such ways in husbandry, it would raise the tone of morality fifty per cent in a single year.

It is very important that the impression should be produced that there is a moral law in secular affairs just as really as there was a moral law on Mount Sinai, and that this law asserts itself perpetually, unheralded, unsuspected, unproclaimed. Although there is no thunder or lightning about it, no table of stone on which it is written, and no prophet to declare it, after all there is the same moral law running through business, social intercourse, every department of life, and it is silently asserting itself by its rewards and penalties.

There is an impression that God gives some men the right to go through without paying toll. No, there are no "deadheads" in nature. Nobody rides there without paying. There are no men who run the gate, under any pretense, in nature. What, not men of genius? No, not men of genius. What, not men of rare endowments? No, not men of rare endowments. Great men are great workers; and men who pretend to know without working are impostors, I do not care who they are.

The great ends which men are seeking are wealth, praise, honor and love. Their price is high. Gained without paying that price in exertion which implies time, they are surreptitiously gained, and will surely be held briefly. If you want to be wise, do not be in a hurry. If you want to be true, do not make haste unduly. Take time to let that which you want grow.

Understand that whatever knowledge you have you must quarry out. "Work out your own salvation" may be applied to intellectual matters as well as to matters moral and spiritual.

If results are to be truly great they must conform to nature, and be seasoned by time.

A man says to his son who is starting out in business, "Do not live for immediate things, but learn to live by faith in remote results. Begin by preparing to augment your proportions. Earn your prosperity by thinking, by proving your fidelity, and by showing yourself to be sagacious and industrious. Lay down your lines, and then work up to them. Thus by and by you will come where you will be not only prospered, but substantially prospered." Calling his attention to one and another, he says "They are mushroom men who come up in the night and last but a day?"

I hear men saying, in respect to purely religious or philosophical things, "Oh, these thread-drawings in philosophy, these imaginary states, may be very well; but we practical men have to attend to practical things!" There is an implication that practical things are the substratum on which a man must stand before he can begin to take care of invisible results, such as report themselves in

character, power and what not; but these men, while they say this in respect to religious things, are most strenuous advocates of invisible things when speaking of their worldly affairs, in which they are better educated, and in which they are therefore better judges.

Any man who talks about a royal road to learning is an empiric, a charlatan. Any man who says he will teach you French in five lessons is a fool, or thinks you are a fool. What estimate must that man put upon you who offers to teach you to write in three days? Who does not know that all such hot-bed forcing processes of education are fruitless and unsatisfactory?

"No man can gain knowledge but by giving an equivalent for it." You cannot inherit another man's experience. You cannot bribe books. Still less can you bribe Nature, the unwritten book of all knowledge. And if a man will have an education which consists in the training of the faculties, and which is the only real education, he must render an equivalent for it of thought, of pain, of watching, of various and long-continued industry.

Sudden learning is superficial gilding; and learning that is deep-seated comes with long-breathed, long-paced industry.

What is genius? You may describe men as divided into two classes, one of whom have brains and an organization such that they have the power of automatic action, and the other of whom have the power of being inspired into action. That is, some men are organized so low in grade that they think or feel that there must be causes, social or material, acting on them from without. We call them common folks. There are others who are organized higher than these. They have sensibility of fiber such that their brain, unmoved by external reasons, by its own tendency seems to develop thought and feeling. Where a man is inspired in the direction of music, we call him a musical genius. The word *genius* merely indicates a more than ordinarily fine organization in any single faculty. If this fineness of organization extends through the whole brain, then the whole brain is brought under the law of genius. A man who has genius, simply has a little better instrument than one who has not.

ACTIVITY INDISPENSABLE TO NORMAL DEVELOPMENT.

IX.

ACTIVITIY INDISPENSABLE TO NORMAL DEVELOPMENT.

The young man, beginning in life, says to himself: "I am obliged to rise early, and sit up late, and labor incessantly; but I hope for a better time." Ah, yes, that better time is the fool's paradise of laziness!

Activity is as indispensable to health as motion to the purity of water, or to the cleansing of the air.

The exercise of brain and bone and sinew is your blessing. The economy in which you live, that obliges you to task these, to make them versatile and continuous in their action, to apply them everywhere, to hew with them as though they were an axe, to pierce with them as though

they were a spear, to contest with them as though they were a sword—this is God's gift to you. The man who has to work, and does work, is the blessed fellow; and he that is not obliged to work, and does not work, is the accursed fellow. Yet men accept this condition of freshness, of vigor, of health, of happiness, and of self-respect, as if it were a sign and token of bondage —a disgraceful harness!

Since the days of Benjamin Franklin it has been easier for a man to be a compositor than it was before; he left almost a professional element in that mechanical business; and out of type-setting have sprung more great public men than from any other manual employment. Since the days of Roger Sherman it has been easier to be a shoemaker. Shoemakers are almost always metaphysicians. It would seem as though it had come to be a prescriptive right for them to be thoughtful men. There have been sturdy men at the anvil, who have made blacksmithing an occupation that no man need be ashamed of. It is a good thing for a man to have humanity stamped on the thing which he is called to do; and the more noble he is, the easier he makes it for every-

body else in after life to pursue it. It is noble for a man to throw the elements of his manhood into his business in such a way as to redeem it from coarseness and lowness, and exalt it with new associations.

I assert of every laboring man in this nation, not only that he is to be a laborer, but that he has the means of securing, and ought to secure, such development that there should be refinement in his social affections; and I hope before I die to see pass away the thought that there is a presumption against a man's being refined because he is a laborer. There is nothing in labor inconsistent with refinement, with kindness, with affection, with whatever belongs to the domestic circle; and there is no reason why a man that lays brick should not be a perfect gentleman. There is no reason why a man that hews timber should not exercise all those sweet and gentle traits which have a dignifying and refining influence. Trees which bear blossoms are far more beautiful than those which do not.

It is a fundamental law, pervading the whole

economy of the race, that man shall be active, that he shall work. It is the law of health; and health is the fountain of the lower forms of happiness. It is the condition, also, to a very large extent, of the higher forms of happiness.

Our happiness is organic, and depends upon conditions of activity—not a mere aimless moving, but coherent, organized, intelligent activity—not such activity as leads the intolerable fly in the days of summer to buzz with amazing appearance of doing, and yet doing nothing, nor that kind of incessant pottering which springs from no motive and accomplishes nothing; but that activity which is an application of lawful means to proper ends. Beginning at the lower ranges of happiness, a man will be happy in the proportion in which he achieves, or hopes to achieve.

We are creators, within a certain range. In one sense we are gods in creation. Although we originate nothing, although that by which we work and upon which we work is prepared for us by the greater creative force, yet in our lower sphere and in our small measure we make our new

combinations, and create, even as God in the greater sphere creates.

The seeking to accomplish, the compassing of the ends sought, and victory at every step—these furnish the whole measure of what may be called secular happiness. The same is true of the affections. It is their activity in accomplishing results, guarding them and guiding them, that constitutes their happiness. Their motion is their rest.

A right end of life that develops and moderately taxes every part of the whole organization, an aim which keeps alive and whets and renders active every part of the human economy, will reap as much of the lower measures of happiness as it is possible for a man to attain in this world

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Houses that are given over to impure air and mould and dust, will fall to pieces faster than houses that are used. And so it is with the human mind. There is no way in which it can

be deteriorated faster, or brought into morbid conditions sooner, than by indolence.

One soil, if it be exceedingly sandy, will produce but twenty fold. Another soil, of clay, will produce fifty fold. Another soil, of deep vegetable loam, will produce a hundred fold. And so men are rich, richer, and richest in their endowments, and the same amount of exercise will produce different degrees of product in different men. But, notwithstanding, the universal law of usefulness is that men are to be useful in proportion as they are active.

It is thought that if a man has genius he comes to knowledge without study. Many suppose that if a man is smart, if he is a man of taste, if he has to do with commerce, with politics, with scholastic pursuits, if he is a public man of any sort, he can do things abundantly and easily without labor. But the reverse is true. In proportion as a man is useful he is constantly industrious. The products of a man's mind and of his nature are useful according to the ceaselessness of the activity that is imparted to the one or to the other.

There is no man born so great that he can afford to be indolent. Every man, though his head be as massive as Webster's, needs to study and ponder. Even if a man be endowed like Michael Angelo, it is needful for him to be, as Michael Angelo was, one of the most laborious men of his age. Though, like Titian, he has all artistic taste, and lives to the age of a hundred years, it is not simply his genius but the power with which he applies himself, and his continuous industry, that mark and register his usefulness.

Every one should make up his mind, in the beginning, that whatever faculties God has given him, the condition of his holding them is their ceaseless activity.

A man might as well repine because he is not a Frenchman or an Italian, and is an Anglo-Saxon, as to mourn over his lot in life.

The necessity of laboring has been your salvation. It has been that which has made you what

you have been, and what you are still. It has been a token of God's mercy to you. And instead of bemoaning your condition, thank God for it.

You have got to be what you are; as a man has been educated, so must he pursue life; and to murmur at his occupation, to look wistfully at something else, to spend his time in thinking what he would like to do, to cover some other pursuit with his imagination, and make fancied flowers grow upon it, and see abundant and varied fruit hanging from its boughs, while making his own business as barren and hateful as possible, and rising in the morning to say, "Must I go to work again?" and going home at night to curse the day's work—this is unmanly and mean.

I love to see some sturdy smith, or laborious mason, or delver in the soil, who, although he perceives that there are occupations that would have given him a larger sphere and more agreeable results, yet honors and dignifies his vocation, and makes every man that comes after him a better man, because he has left with his pursuit a name that does it credit.

Of the thousand million men on the globe, so few are able to develop any considerable activity, except in the lower part of their being, that it seems a hopeless task to elevate them. We scarcely can think of the great mass of the earth's population as pursuing any such line of duty as we prescribe for ourselves; but in this more happy land, where intelligence has developed manhood, and where opportunity is greater than in any other part of the world, there is no excuse for a man's acting from low motives.

I have often, in going to my little place in the country, rode past great tulip trees; and I have noticed that those sturdy trees bear just such blossoms, and blossoms as full of beauty and fragrance, as the tiny tulip plant does. So may it be one day with sturdy labor! May robust laborers ere long be covered over on their sides and tops, as those great stalwart trees are, with blossoms of beauty and refinement!

THE LAW OF FEELING.

X.

THE LAW OF FEELING.

As streams of water turn mill-wheels, night and day, themselves slender, yet powerful in their accumulation, so trickling heart-streams turn the grand wheel of life's purposes.

We have had in our day a magnificent opportunity to see what is the grandeur of the feeling of patriotism in its primary state. It flamed out in our midst so that it was indeed like a pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day, that showed the people which way to go through the wilderness; but it is gone, and neither you nor I can arouse it again.

When, in June, one first strikes a prairie that is on fire with flowers, he knows not whether he is in the body or out of the body; the coarsest

and hardest natures are powerfully impressed by the scene, and sensitive natures are almost translated; but the experience is transient.

At first the feeling of patriotism was like a bonfire or beacon light, for giving alarm of danger, or for guiding; but now it is a diffused light, spreading itself throughout the hearts of millions of men, and manifesting itself in practical deeds. It was good at first, but now it is better. Then it was intense and concentrated; now it is gentle and diffused.

I have walked for hours in the red and yellow sea of the Louvre, feeling a kind of sacred intoxication such as to render me almost unconscious of my bodily state; but being too much to last, it soon passed away.

The primary condition of activity is that in which a feeling is first developed in the presence of a motive or excitement, and exists simply as a feeling, answering the call of its proper motive, and giving experience of its peculiar kind of

pleasure or pain. It is this state which exists when there passes before the eye some visible object of beauty, loveliness, or attractiveness. Under such circumstances the soul rises up and glows with pleasure and joy, the mind being filled with feeling and only feeling.

The sentiments and emotions are active and vivid. They excite the substance of the brain and the nervous system, and where they are carried to great height they excite the whole being, sometimes modifying the organs of the body, and almost superseding the entire muscular and physical system.

In its primary form, a feeling, where it is an intense, vivid, conscious emotion, subsides quickly. It is a blaze, not a coal.

Dana relates of himself that when, after having been absent from home about three years, before the mast, on a perilous voyage, the vessel was nearing his native land, he fed deliciously on the prospect of soon seeing those he loved; but

that when she came into port, and a boat was sent to take him to the shore, he could hardly prevail upon himself to go off and meet his friends. He had passed the acme of feeling, and was under the influence of that reaction, with its accompanying numbness, which comes after an excess of emotion or excitement.

The body cannot bear high tension of feeling of any kind very long. It uses up the organizing matter too fast.

The mind can be played upon by motives as a harp can be played upon by the fingers of the harper; and as in one case the nature of the tone produced is according to the nature of the string that is touched, so in the other case the nature of the experience or feeling produced is according to the nature of the faculty that is excited, and the degree to which it is excited.

In some old cathedrals of Europe, where there are finely built organs, they are accustomed, at twilight, to play out the day by some solemn

anthems; and people gather and stand scattered through the great dusky structure, and listen. As the inspired man touches the instrument and swells to the high accord of his theme, all hearts are moved. A thousand memories are awakened in each breast. The feelings of many are soothed and laid to rest. All are filled with emotions of joy. At last the theme closes, the music dies out, silence reigns, and one by one the people steal away. The music is gone, the organ is silent; and so is the experience. The church is not more empty of sound when the organ stops than are their hearts of the feelings which the music inspired. The proud man is proud yet; the avaricious man is avaricious yet; the worldly man is worldly yet. What has taken place? They have had a repast. They went to the cathedral, and the organ played on them as the organist played on it. The transient and momentary experience came and passed away almost in the same moment. Though the feelings were genuine, it is the nature of all feelings in their primary state to rise and fall, if not in the same moment, yet within the space of a few moments. Now, it is evident that if these were the only feelings experienced by men our life would be flame-jets, which would do nothing but puff, and puff themselves out.

There is a way in which feeling comes down from the high state in which it primarily exists into a condition where it will not exhaust itself; where it will not speedily pass away; where it will do something more than make itself feel good.

Nothing darts more quickly through a mother's heart than the fire of love, when first she sees her long absent child, or when she hears sudden outcries of alarm at its danger.

No paper article, no advance of armies, no vote of Congress, no orator's appeal, no preacher's fervor, can again cause to burst forth the feeling of patriotism with the strength and in the particular form by which it was characterized during our civil war. But something better has taken place. In its stead we have patriotism in its secondary state, in which it is diffusing itself, laboring, and producing results.

Let one listen to or read the productions of a skillful writer or lecturer like Ruskin, and how wonderfully his mind is filled with feeling in its

primary state! but when you leave the lecture-room, or prairie or picture gallery, having had a meal of joy, the feeling will have produced little effect upon your daily life. It must now subside, and reappear in your dress, in furniture for your house, in the embellishments of the yard, in the laying out of the garden, in the improvement of the public streets and roads, in efforts to beautify your surroundings in ten thousand ways that indicate a cultivated taste.

A primary emotion will have an influence on the life as long as the exciting cause is present, and no longer; but a feeling in the secondary form is diffused through life, and works in it perpetually. It is less pleasurable in the secondary state than in the primary state, but it is ten thousand times more efficacious and useful. The law of feeling, then, is that it has two states, in the first of which it is a mere feeling, and in the second of which it harnesses itself to a practical purpose and becomes an efficient laborer in daily life.

The law of the faculties runs straight through

the whole congeries of feelings. Religion comes first, as a high, transient feeling, instead of a continuous working feeling of a lower grade.

The good man takes his primary feeling into the second form, in which it works in him, day by day, till he has organized his life upon it. The bad man, after having experienced feelings in their primary state, merely feels that he has been played upon. When he goes out of the church he is like a violin whose bow is hung up.

I am afraid more than half of those who think themselves to be good go to church because they are played upon, first by the organ, then by the minister, and both in the same way, one playing on them by music, and the other by eloquence or disquisition.

Men enjoy the feelings that are aroused in them while they are under the influences that produce

them, but when they go away from the attractions of the church to the greater attractions that await them at home, these things are forgotten. With the odors of the dinner go the odors of the sanctuary.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF WEALTH.

XI.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF WEALTH.

Where a man has before him only the thought of becoming worth more, and then more, how poor is his idea of manliness! How great a power he has in his hands that he does not understand! What would you think of swine that were rooting and grunting with diamonds in their noses! Was there ever anything worse thrown away than such diamonds? What do you think of men who have power to revolutionize the generation in which they live, to underlie society and lift it up, to report themselves in every part of the globe, and to transmit their influence for thousands of years to come, but who have no more idea of it than swine have of jewels in their noses!

The wealth-developing power of our common people surpasses that of any other people on the globe. See how already our gigantic billion debt

is melting down like snow in April! That which other nations honestly thought would crush us has scarcely ruffled a feather.

Wealth may be used for the purpose of breeding wealth. Men make money with apparently no other idea than that of its accumulation. I can understand how a man might have great pleasure in campaigning for wealth, in laying out a plan, in selecting instruments, in supervising them, and in doing it against competition. Enterprise, activity, thought, and victory are themselves intrinsic pleasures to an active-minded man, and are not unworthy of him. But all this is aside from that peculiar disposition which we see in some men who begin generously and liberally with wealth, but who, when they come to a point at which it seems to them that they may reach vast estates, change from naturally kind-hearted men to mere mongers of property, and think merely of how to roll over and over the ever-accumulating ball.

Even if you are a Christian, and you have but just presented yourself among the brethren to take

on the vows of Christ's household, and your lips are still wet with the sacrificial wine, and the bread of faith is still in your mouth, you need not be ashamed to say, "I am bound to serve my Lord and Master through money."

The lowest use of wealth is that of the miser, who simply hoards it. I do not dissuade you from miserism, because men never fall into it except by disease. It is monomania.

Where a man brings from far and near those pleasures which report themselves in the senses, employing his wealth merely as a means of luxury, he makes himself still more an animal than nature made him. I need not pause to hold up such persons to appropriate condemnation.

One may really have a conscience toward God and man, in the administration of wealth, at the same time that there is a superficial vanity which goes with it; and he ought not to be condemned as simply vain because there is a streak of vanity in his good qualities.

Some men become rich beyond any personal use they can make of their wealth. But I am as rich as they are. I have as much as I can use wisely and comfortably, and they have no more than that. All the surplusage which is in their possession they are simply agents of. It is to them very much what to me is the gold which I own in the mountains of California. I own it, but never see it nor handle it; and the same is the case with them. I do not appropriate my wealth; neither do they theirs.

I apprehend that when a man is worth a million dollars he has a shadowy sense of knowing what he is worth; but, beyond that, figures fade out and he simply has a vague sense of being considered high up in figures.

I believe that poverty can be put to good uses, and that a man can be true and noble in poverty; but I do not consider that poverty is a condition of holiness. I believe the world has got to learn how to be holy with wealth and influence and power, and that we shall never see the noblest

specimens of manhood till men are brought up, not in weakness and poverty, but in a royalty that shall be more than a match for wealth, and subdue it to holy uses. One of the first steps toward this is to make more of the household, which is the fundamental, initial element of civilization and prosperity.

I believe in grounds, and in the decoration of them. I love to see a man make a paradise about his house and fill his trees with singing birds. Taste should preside over the home.

Mark out, if you choose, in the future, a ground that at last shall be a picture that you yourself have made, not in colors, but in trees and shrubs and other adornments that nature shall produce under your guiding hand. Plan a mansion with all conveniences and beauty and hospitableness. Imagine yourself and those about you in this temple of loveliness and refinement. And with these ideals before you strive after them. I would not have you seek wealth clandestinely, with a feeling that somehow or other it is wrong.

It is right to seek it, and it is right to use it. It should be used, but it should be used with generosity and liberality for the sake of doing good.

DANGERS OF FAMILIARITY WITH EVIL.

XII.

DANGERS OF FAMILIARITY WITH EVIL.

Oftentimes great and open temptations are the most harmless, because they come with banners flying and bands playing and all the munitions of war in full view, so that we know we are in the midst of enemies that mean us damage, and we get ready to meet and resist them. Our peculiar dangers are those which surprise us and work treachery in our fort.

There are a great many who have not wisely, it seems to me, considered what is the duty of a Christian in regard to pure conversation. Not a few are in the habit of interlarding their conversation as they never would their lives. I have seen persons that I knew to be truly moral, as far as their conduct was concerned, who did not hesitate to make their mouth a passage for indecent stories.

I have known men that were apparently good husbands and parents, from whose lips, if I were with them for an hour, was sure to come, like a spark from the forge of passion, a story that carried in it some hint, some innuendo, and made things that we ought to look at with horror matters of mirth.

In respect to a pure thought, a noble idea, the memory is often treacherous; but an impression made by obscenity seems to be ineradicable. I call you to bear witness to this fact. Are there not impressions on your mind that were made by bad men in your childhood which you would give all the world to have rubbed out?

I really think that God meant to teach the world the way to purity and nobility through woman, in spite of the seeming evidence that I have occasionally had to the contrary. I have never, for an hour or a moment, ceased to feel toward woman, in her ideal character, almost as the devotee feels toward the Virgin Mary; and the individual exceptions never take anything

from the brightness of the divine glory there is in the conception of mother, wife, and sister.

I believe, with old Martin Luther, that the noblest thing God ever made on earth is the heart of a noble, loving woman. It is this feeling that makes it impossible for me to make any exhortation to woman, who, whether school-girl, servant, or mistress, instead of being taught by us in matters of this kind, should be our teacher, and cleanse our tongue, purify our imagination, make us better, and not teach us how to be beautiful in evil.

I attribute the social corruption of our times largely to the prevalence of secret, or scarcely secret, books, novels, so-called reformatory works, physiologies of the Devil, written on purpose to demoralize the community. All that a prurient curiosity wants to know, and that a manly conscience scorns to know, is proffered, in one form or another, to the young, and at a trifling expense is sent through the mails, with every means and appliance of damnation.

We read that in the olden times the Devil took on sometimes the form of a serpent and sometimes the form of an angel of light. I often think that in our day he takes on the form of a book.

A book is an omnipresent influence that has no disposition, and yet has all the power of a disposition. It is one of the most powerful of influences for good or for evil. The engine of the world is a book.

What shall I say of art? If familiarity with impure suggestions and ideas in literature is bad, how is it when the senses are called, indirectly, by every form and line and color of beauty, to assist in the contamination?

One of the most exquisite works of art, and one of the most abominable violations of decency, is Powers' Greek Slave. There are three classes into which pictures of the nude may be divided. I do not deny that there is a limited sphere in art for nude figures; but it is extremely limited, and they are to be permitted only in the case of those

masters of art who may be called hardly less than prophets, and who can create a nude figure so as to have the moral sentiment predominate in the impression which it makes upon the mind. Such masters are few. Indeed, he may almost be said to be a miracle of genius that can do this. I may say, in general, I think that in all art representations, where nudity is employed, the moral reason for employing it should be so strong as quite to overcome a sense of the fact itself—and that limitation almost rules it out entirely.

While, then, I would admit that there is a limited sphere in which nudity may be employed for high moral purposes, the plea of those who stand in the second class, that it is done for the sake of art, is one of the most unsound and dangerous pleas that can be offered. I cannot conceive of any possible reason why a slave should be stripped and made to wear a chain in the market-place. It is neither true to fact nor to nature. On the other hand, take that exquisite work of art, Ary Schaffer's *Francesca da Rimini*, in which the artist represents Francesca and her lover as hurling through the lurid air of perdition, and holding each other with a firm grasp, while her face bears the mingled expression of love and amazement and grief, and on his is depicted the

expression of unutterable despair. In the latter case the mere accident of partial nudity is quite forgotten, or almost unthought of; for the solemn lesson that the scene conveys almost precludes the possibility of indulgence in improper reflections on the part of the beholder. There was a reason for nudity in this case; but in the case of the Greek Slave there not only was no reason for it, but it was employed against fact as well as against decency.

There are many sorts of nature—beastly nature, animal nature, human nature, angelic nature, and divine nature; and the same kind of nature is susceptible of being represented in different states and conditions; but it is not necessary that all the phases of nature should be exposed under all circumstances. There is to be discrimination in regard to the aspects of nature which shall be made permanent lessons of instruction. It is abominable, the way in which decency is violated in works of art!

In the portfolio of many a Christian household, even, the pit of perdition may be found. There

are books on almost every center-table in which are cuts that have the tendency to take the blush and bloom off from virginal purity. And ought there not, in regard to books of art and portfolios, to be an aspersion of sacred cleansing—a sprinkling of the divine spirit of God?

If our children were angels we should not need to have any concern about them on this score; but they are not. They are passional creatures; the fire of appetite is strong and fierce in them; and because they are impure, it is all the more necessary that influences calculated to promote purity should be brought to bear upon them. There should be no provocation to lust, appetite, or anything of the sort placed before them. God's angels might walk in the midst of impurity without hurt, but our children cannot.

It is not always the bad that go to drinking "shades," gambling dens, and other similar places of resort with which the city is filled! Many that go there are persons who want to "see life." They are the tender, the callow. They are young men who are ashamed of seeming

to be ignorant of vice, and are ambitious of being supposed to know a great deal more than any decent man ever ought to know. They cannot endure tobacco, and yet they smoke for fear they shall be thought not to be men. They have no natural taste for liquor, but they swig and guzzle because they want to be men, and because they think that is the way to make men of themselves.

It is objected that it is not always possible to get away from evil. Remember, then, that when you do not submit to evil, when you set your mind against it, and when you put yourself in an attitude to correct it, it will do you no harm, though you are in the midst of it. If you refuse the laugh, if you decline to indorse the tale, if you abstain from joining in the conviviality, if you are found faithful though you are among the faithless, then, so far from being harmed you will be benefited; so far from being brought down by evil, you will be lifted out of the sphere of its influence. You will be a reformer, under such circumstances, and God will take care of you.

THE LAW OF HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

XIII.

THE LAW OF HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

Whether your child shall be an idiot or not is a matter of some importance; but to teach those fundamental laws which shall enable the community to steer clear of imbecility and brain-rottenness is considered scarcely the thing for the school or the household, and especially for Sunday, for the pulpit, or for a minister.

As science, developing itself, is the eye of God throwing light on the path of man and showing us what are his thoughts that have slumbered so long; as the sentences and pictures on the pyramids were unread and uninterpreted till the torch revealed them; so God's sentences, written in the heaven and on the earth, and unread, science is deciphering.

A tendency to good or to evil is transmitted, and it becomes a fixed quality if it be educated. But this note, so far as the human race is concerned, is almost never sounded; and it is an accident when men heed it. Society is full of results that flow from the violation of this great natural law. Am I not called to see it every day? Am I not made dumb over the coffin every month?

Can I, in those cases where ill health has wedded ill health, and where in the children there is produced a double tendency to ill health —can I, when, by reason of low stamina and the violation of the great law which governs hereditary tendencies, I am called to weep with those that weep (for love mourns over those that must die as well as over those that might have been saved)—can I, at such times, say, "The child could not but die. You have violated a law of nature, and you are suffering the penalty. The next child will die, and the next. Death will reign in this house"?

In cases where there is a lack of brain, and the

fact is deplored, can I speak of the cause of that evil? And yet, here is this law of the transmission of tendencies which has its application all through the animal kingdom, and which applies, if possible, with ten thousand times more force to the human race than to the lower animal, and it is neither taught by priest nor by teacher; nor is it observed by the common people, that run headlong by taste, by fancy, by caprice, by interest, and by parental interference, to form connections on which are to turn not only their own happiness but that of their posterity to many generations.

I stand with awe when I hear it declared that God will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children from generation to generation, and that he will send down from generation to generation the virtues and obediences of the parents. That is the keynote of time: it ought also to be the fundamental quality of civilization.

I believe I could go to the Five Points and preach the Gospel with hope and assurance that some would be converted; but if any were con-

verted, the first sign I should look for would be that they would wash and shave. I should expect the first thing they would want would be another window, that they might get a draught of air into their attics. I do not believe I should be able to make of them good Christians that would not backslide if they continued in filth and without air.

As the world's atmosphere grows purer and purer, the radiance of God's heart will more and more stream into the hearts of the masses of men. Thus, with improved conditions from top to bottom, the day is coming when it will not be strange to believe that there will be nations, millions of men, that will all stand higher and better than any single man that has yet lived.

When the day comes—and it waxes nearer and nearer—that men are born into this world with auspicious temperaments, with balanced constitutions, with high social qualities, and with moral tendencies which give them power to develop the dormant and imbecile forces in themselves, they

will have taken a start, and will be much further along than they are now.

Men will never be converted when they are at discord with all the physical laws of their being. A man here and there, with more than average susceptibility, may be raised out of degradation where the conditions are unfavorable; but if you are going to raise the mass of men out of heathenism, you must do it by securing, at the same time that you preach to them the Gospel of Christ, their obedience to physical laws.

Liebig, the great German chemist, says you can measure the civilization of nations by the relative amount of soap they use.

I hail the incoming of science. Although for the present it has some tendencies toward skepticism, although it is to a considerable extent in the hands of men who are rebounding from religion, I have no fear. I believe that, with the aid of the revelations of science, we shall come to

have a deeper and truer faith in religion than we have ever had.

If I had not faith in God and in religion, I might be afraid of science, but I believe God and religion are true—so true that all the incursions of science will finally, when it has run through its full circuit, be beneficial.

De Tocqueville said governments would be as rascally as they were allowed to be; and I believe it is as true on this side of the ocean as on the other. To say that governments have hindered more than they have helped, is not to say the whole. One of the burdens of society, one of the curses of the human race, has been governments. Men dread anarchy, as if that was the worst thing; but that is heaven compared with governments such as have generally prevailed.

There is a time to come when governments will spring from the hearts of the people, and will be governments *for* the people. In that day all laws, all civil usages, all customs, will respect the in-

terests of the community, and will not obstruct them. When men have perfect liberty, individually and collectively; when they are not only equal but free,—free in the largest sense of the term *freedom*,—then society itself will become a nursing mother.

We have seen Christian piety manifesting itself in single faculties; we have seen it nourished, as it were, under glass and by artificial heat; we have seen it as a grand partialism; but the day is coming when men, through a full knowledge of the natural law of transmission, will be brought into this world larger-minded, healthier in body, better adapted to go up in the scale of being, and under such conditions that they will encounter far less obstruction, and receive far more of the unconscious help of justice, purity and truth.

Now our great names are few and far between, like angels' visits; but the day will come when they shall be near and numerous; when no man shall say to his brother, "Know ye the Lord," because all shall know him; when "holiness" shall be written on the very bells of the

horses, and there shall be the tinkling of praise in every man's ear; when the atmosphere itself shall inspire holiness; when all things shall tend toward holiness; when kings shall be nursing fathers, and queens shall be nursing mothers; when all people shall be lovers and friends. In that day, lifted out of the animal conditions, and out of the obstructions of ignorance and wickedness in which we now dwell, the whole world shall send up a final shout, not only of deliverance, but of consummated manhood.

It will not take place to-day nor to-morrow, but a steady, average development and growth there is to be, which will carry up the manhood of this world far beyond anything of which we can now conceive.

SORROW AND ITS DANGERS.

XIV.

SORROW AND ITS DANGERS.

There are many fruits that never turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them; there are many nuts that never fall from the bough of the tree of life till the frost has opened and ripened them: and there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful till sorrow touches them. Then they are like autumnal colors, and all men behold and admire them.

Sorrow should be like loam which, when the plow turns it, falls mellow from the share. Sorrows that are like clay which, when the plow turns it, rolls over in lumps, and is more unmanageable after it is plowed than before, bring poor husbandry in the heart.

Blessed is the man whom no trouble can altogether destroy; who, if he finds an enemy in

one chamber, retreats to another, and bolts and bars the doors; and who, if he is driven out of that, finds another resource, and another, and rises higher and higher till he reaches the threshold of his Father's house, where no more sorrow nor crying can come forever.

A woman of great gifts and high culture, at about twenty-one years of age, was affianced to a man distinguished in literature and science, and she looked forward to a life of joy; but the ocean claimed him. The sorrow that fell upon her fell like multitudinous frosts in autumnal days; and no green and bright thing was left in all the field of her heart. With mighty strugglings through weeks and months she sought to stop her sorrow; and finally she turned from it, saying: "I will give my whole life hereafter to others, and let my own self go." She consecrated herself to the work of education.

A mere wild, ungoverned and ungovernable impulse of pain, directed to no good purpose whatsoever, submerging the mind and smothering the mental powers, is always bad. There may be

moments when sorrow is uncontrollable, and when one is relieved by giving way to it; there are bursts of sorrow which are but the experiences of the hour or the day, and it is better to let them spend themselves, and not narrowly mark their bounds and passages; but all sorrow, beyond the first relief of agonized feelings, should be held in check.

Sorrow is a school in which the schoolmaster is very stern, and in which his rules are very strict.

At no time is a person under such obligations and such a duty of self-control as when he is under the shadow of trouble.

There are those who think it is wrong to let their sorrows die out. If they find that their pain is becoming alleviated, they blow the embers again, and rake out the coals from the ashes that threaten to hide it. They are almost alarmed at themselves when now and then some old joy breaks out. They seem to feel that there is a sacred duty of sorrow, and that midnight

ought to be their symbol and signal. They study sorrow. They bring back old experiences, and tempest their minds as much as they can. So they continually wear the badge of sorrow.

There is a sorrow that sweetens all acerbities, that breaks down hard and reluctant natures, and that corrects the natural disposition. Many a man, who would not yield to his fellow-men, at last yields to his own suffering and sorrow and is all the better for it.

It is wise for us to invest our joys in many directions, that we may never become bankrupt. When men invest their means, they scatter them here and there; so that, if bankruptcy should touch one sort of investment, others would be left. This is wise in money matters, and it is a great deal wiser in morals. When a man has all his means of enjoyment in one place, if trouble comes, and his only resource is swept away, he is bankrupt indeed.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

XV.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

There is great wealth in time. There are honor, pleasure and benefits innumerable in time well spent. It is like a soil full of richness, if one has the skill and patience to bring forth what is in it. It is like a mountain full of precious metals, if one has the enterprise to discover them and dig them out. It carries the things that men need and desire. It is like the great Oriental caravans that came across from India to Tadmor and Babylon. Upon camels and dromedaries were heaped gold and silver, spices, silks, fine linens, ivory, gems and jewels, and precious perfumes. All things that could be wished, and that men coveted and delighted in, were there. So all of a man's fortune is laid up for him in time.

A large part of every man's time must needs be consumed, in one sense, for the sake of giving

potency to the residue. It is remarkable how the principle of the use and waste of one thing for another pervades creation. One third of our time is thrown into the sea of sleep. It dies, that the other two thirds may live to be of worth. For every two hours living, and full of strength, there has been one sacrificial hour that laid itself down for them.

It is very striking to consider how little time we have for wise usage. And yet, everything that a man hopes for, or expects, or needs, must come from the right use of that little. Though we are crowded into a corner, eternal things depend upon our action during that brief and circumscribed space.

You can conceive how one might, by early exposure to infectious diseases, lay the foundation, in every organ, of weakness and after suffering through this whole life; and yet, no exposure of that kind can be compared with such exposures to vicious and criminal indulgences as shall prepare mischief and misery for all one's life.

Many employ their time in fostering passions and malign desires, which are to turn their life into a volcanic region scorched and burned.

There is to be a use of time which shall secure the respect and confidence of all that are good. There is to be an honored and honorable old age; and time is well spent which shall procure that. There are your own peace of mind and self-respect after the battle of life is over; and that time is well spent which secures them. There is to be happiness in the world to come; and time is most wisely spent by which it is secured. Time is the purchase-money of all things.

There are men who go from one day into another without having anything to bind those periods of time together. If you should rub out the yesterday of many men, their to-day would not feel it; nor does there seem to be anything in their to-day which will make a particular impression on their to-morrow. Their days are sauntering days. They come into them scarcely knowing what they shall do with them, and go out of them scarcely knowing what they have done with them.

Nor are their neighbors able to inform them. There strikes through their days no far-reaching idea. They are not architects who are laying line upon line of brick, and course upon course of stone, and carrying up from a well-ordered foundation the whole superstructure.

Blessed are those bankruptcies which, overthrowing the fathers, build up the children.

How many painted men and women there are! How many houses there are in which the boys and girls, for aught that they are and do, are of no more importance than the portraits which hang around the rooms! In how many households will you find shadowy children! They are good enough, and kind enough, but there is nothing of them. They have no grit, no will, no executive power. They are mere pale outline portraits of what would have been men if there had been anything to make them such. For it is not birth, but life, that makes men. It is what you give yourself, and not what you have from father and mother, that develops manhood in you. In the aimlessness and listlessness of a

life that is surrounded by such abundance that there is no pressure of motive, how many there are that merely stand in life without growth or fruit! While they are present they are not felt, and when they go they are not missed.

Of women there are a great many who are cultured, fertile of thought, and full of yearning aspirations, but who are restrained by the habits of society and their social condition. It is supposed that women must wait until somebody opens the door for them, and that then they are permitted to go out and fulfill the functions of life.

There are many who diligently occupy themselves without aim. A thousand little doings disconnected from each other are no more a wise building up of life than the laying of a thousand bricks in a thousand different places would be the building up of a house.

Some persons affect to despise newspapers because they lie so. They do not lie any more than men do. Men are natural born liars.

Speaking the truth is pre-eminently a heavenly grace, and one that is deferred, mostly, till men get to heaven! There is a great deal of lying in the newspapers; but no more, I take it, than in any other channel through which an equal amount of human life passes.

There are many whose only thought in reading is to enjoy the momentary pleasure of reading; but there are many others whose thought in reading is to get into the current in which God, the race and the nation are traveling.

An energetic use of the scraps of a man's time is often potent enough to make the difference between knowledge and ignorance. I see many a young man who throws away enough time to gain an education in. An open book, full of interesting matter, braces the mind and gives it tone and intellectual appetite. If in the morning a man would read a single paragraph while dressing or shaving, it would afford him some compensation for the tedious toilet which he makes.

THE USES OF FEELING.

XVI.

THE USES OF FEELING.

The heart has nothing to do with belief in astronomy, chemistry, geology, or mineralogy; but where it is a question of right and wrong the heart has everything to do with it. You would not, in the settlement of a nice question of benevolence, appeal to an old hunks who never had any feeling except that of selfishness in all his life.

There is a great deal of moral drunkenness produced by stimulating preaching which does not inspire a man to think anything or do anything, but which burns and burns, and makes him happier and happier, but not better. A man that is happier and not better is worse.

What is a fiction? A truth clothed with imaginary circumstances.

A man who is courageous is much of the time very quiet. Does he feel courage while he is walking down the street? Probably not once a week. He is full of it, but it does not mount up into any state of feeling. What is it doing? It is bedded in him. It is incorporated in every part of his being. The moment the need of it comes it is organized and pulsating; but until that time it is diffused throughout the man as a latent power which, like powder, only needs to be touched, to flame out with tremendous force.

A man who does not use his conscience often, has terrible paroxysms of it; but a man who uses it all the time, never comes into what is called *a state of conscience.* It comes on him as dew on flowers, and falls on him gently as rain on the ground. He is full of conscience, but it is not concentrated at any single point. It is distributed through the brain, the nerves, the muscles, and the skin. It is in every part of him. It pervades his life. It does not, therefore, rise up into a freshet.

How long do two lovers carry the very ecstacy

of love? Well, it may exist, with great economy, for a short time, as a mere emotion. And here I desire to give some important instruction, in which lies the happiness of men and women in the marriage relation. If you give yourselves up to the influence of the feeling of love merely, you will have a real intoxication for a short time, and that will be the end of it. You must understand that feeling, to last long, must develop itself in the line of conduct. While you may not disdain the hilarity of disclosive feeling, you must understand that it cannot be long-lived unless it enters into the judgment and fancy, and fills the moral being, the whole life, and works for the object loved in a thousand ways. Then it is immortal. It is the very blood of your life. You cannot weed nor rub it out.

Truths of being, moral truths, truths of love and conscience and fidelity and purity, truths of art and literature, and above all truths of religion, are to be known only through the intellect magnetized by the feelings.

We know the truth if we have the right feelings

behind the judgment. This is directly contrary to the popular philosophical impression; for men speak of being *blinded by their feelings.* They *are* blinded by them; but they are enlightened by them, too.

I affirm in respect to the far larger and transcendently more important sphere of truths, not only that the feelings are not in the way of forming a right judgment, but that you cannot form any valid judgment without them. They are the very fountain of truth out of which come true judgments.

We often inveigh against the passions and appetites; but they are God's fundamental forces in this world. You might as well take the spring out of a watch as to take the appetites out of a man. All society would collapse and be worthless without them. Regulation, not annihilation, is what the passions and appetites want.

The law of feeling is strictly a law of use. Feeling without anything to do, so far from being

a thing to be sought, is a thing to be avoided. It is like more food than the body can digest, or more stimulus than the nerves need. It is intoxication. It is self-indulgence.

Fear, existing as a pure feeling, is not only a torment, but a poison. There is nothing that goads the fiber so. There is nothing that so deteriorates physical quality and health itself.

There is one function of feeling which ought not to be forgotten. I mean that of *refreshment*. It has a certain office like that of sleep, which is to wipe away, as it were, the effect of work. It may be said in some sense to recreate the mind. Hence our word *recreation*. It rests men. Here is the foundation of what we call *amusements*.

Where feeling exists in an unembodied form it tends to flood the mind with a kind of self-indulgence or emotive selfishness. Here is the key to the mischiefs which come from theatric representation and fiction, neither of which is in itself sinful, and neither of which needs to be

injurious, but which are sinful and injurious simply because men do not understand the law of feeling.

As spirituous liquors produce their effects by causing feeling which has no outlet in thought or conduct, so mere moral spirits do the same.

God has emotion, doubtless; but all the waves of the sea, all the pulsations of the air, all the throbs of the sunlight, all the circuits of natural law, all the endless processions and bounties of the seasons, are but so many veins in which the love of God is injected and is working itself out. All the processes of matter in time are so many symbols, signs and expressions of emotions that exist, not as emotions, but as forces that are producing certain results. And so it ought to be in us. A feeling should not exist in us as a feeling merely, but should work; and we should give it so much to do that it cannot remain a mere feeling.

WORK.

XVII.

WORK.

No men are more to be pitied than they who, with their time on their hands, have no employment. Their state is one which it is difficult to describe. The French call it *ennui;* and never was there a more vexatious and intolerable little devil than this same *ennui!* As soon as a man is inactive in body and mind, he begins to have a thousand nameless ills and aches, and a thousand sleepless nights and tormented days.

In riding, it is sometimes the case that you go just slow enough to carry the dust with you, and so move in your own dirt. It is exactly so on the great road of life. Men go just fast enough to keep their cares and troubles and dust along with them; while, if they would drive a little faster, their dust would roll far behind them, and they would keep themselves clean. It is good to

be active enough to leave behind you the temptations by which you are surrounded.

Work is said to have been the primal curse in consequence of our father Adam's fall. I beg your pardon, it was not. *Drudgery* was; but what is drudgery but *slavery?* After the fall of man slavery began as a brute punishment; not honest work, in which man was the projector, the doer, and the recipient of his own earnings.

A manual craft that implies no thought or ingenuity stands very low. A man who simply shovels, exercising neither skill nor intelligence, who does mere muscle-work, is at the bottom of the scale. A man that thinks to shovel goes higher in proportion to the thought which he adds to the physical exertion. The man that hews is higher than the man that chops. The man that fashions with his chisel is higher than the man that hews. Workers differ according to the difference in the amount and quality of the mind-power which they put into their work. All kinds of labor grade themselves along the line of what

is called *respectability*—according as they are understood to require a higher or lower development of mind.

There is no man who cannot bring great-mindedness to any calling in which he is embarked. It does not need that a man should be born a United States Senator; for he that is on the shoemaker's bench may make himself one of the greatest of statesmen. Nor does it need that a man should be born a geologist; for he that works in a stone quarry may make himself one of the most eminent of philosophers. Where a man begins to work is where he *begins;* but it does not follow that that is where he *ends.* The point of criticism is, that a man should suppose his trade to be the measure of what he is to be; that he should look upon himself as shut up in it; that he should admit that he must be no bigger than that trade.

The manhood that God gave you the capacity of exercising is the measure of your life; and when you fill the vocation that you are in, and

have a great deal to spare, you will be called to go up higher. If you are engaged in that which is drudgery, you will soon grow out of it, if you have the spirit of emancipation in you. If you are just fit for a drudge, if you only have a thought for the present, if you think your present attainments are enough, then be content and do not grumble; but if you are fit for something more, then make something more of yourself and do not grumble. Why do you grumble, if you are fit for nothing more? And if you are fit for something more, why do you grumble? A man is fit for something higher when he shows himself to be so by doing something higher.

Do not repine and say, "I am not content with this; I am not satisfied with its remunerations; I am fit for something better. There is a man that was born to wealth, who is no better than I am. There is a man who has gone up in life, and I have as much right to go up as he had." Talking in that way will do no good. If you have as much right to go up as that man had, why do you not go up?

Many seem to study to render their cup as bitter as they know how. Few there are that whistle and sing as they work. Most people are moody about their labor. They look upon it as a task imposed upon them by necessity. They would rather do something else. So men augment the disagreeable elements of their calling.

Work is the law of life, of honor, and of decency; and if God has called you to any field of labor, work lovingly, rejoicingly, happily, in that field, until you have so filled it with your swelling sides that that which binds you shall give way, as does the outer covering of a growing tree. Work is like bark; and you will drop it as fast as you expand.

There is a mistaken feeling among men generally, that the sooner they make their fortune, and get away from the necessity of rising early and sitting up late, the better. It is a false principle that needs to be cleansed out of the

mind. It ought to be understood that man is born to work, that he is to live by work, and that he is a man by virtue of work. We ought to feel that he is highest in the scale of manhood who knows how most wisely and continuously to fill up the measure of every hour by work.

UNCONSCIOUS SELFISHNESS.

XVIII.

UNCONSCIOUS SELFISHNESS.

The whole body is the tongue of a man, and it is all the time unconsciously talking of what the man is. It is not merely the face that talks: it is the whole man.

Many a man who has a blunt, harsh, peremptory, disagreeable way of meeting people, excuses himself by saying, "Oh, it is my way." Of course it is his way; and it is the trip-hammer's way, when a child's hand is on the anvil, to smash it! An elephant's way is no more agreeable because it is an elephant's. Neither is a swine's way, nor a vulture's way, any more agreeable because it is his way. It is no excuse, when a man carries himself so as to be offensive and painful to those around about him, for him to say, "It is my way."

If the father is A and the mother is B, the child is not necessarily AB; and yet parents think it must be so. There is a whole generation behind father and mother; and they are nothing, often, but a lens that catches the scattered rays of light, and brings them to a focus.

The household is God's harp on earth, and each child is one more string to give wondrous harmony to that of which father and mother are but the monotone or theme. But, alas! we do not know the power of the string, the mode of touching it, nor the scale of sweet sounds which it is capable of producing.

It is a fact that a man who has no skin over his nerves, *has* no skin over his nerves, and that he suffers; and you that wear rhinoceros hides are not to despise him because he cannot bear as much as you can.

If a man's nerves are like whipcords, what contempt he has for a nervous and hysterical person! And yet I take it that persons who are

hysterical and nervous are so not because they like it, but because they cannot help it.

Many a word drops a seed from us that grows up a thorn-bush in the soul on which it falls.

It is always fair to fight death in every shape, and somnolency, its brother, also.

There is only a slight difference between tickling and scratching; but there *is* a difference. You may take a peach and draw the plush across the back of a sensitive hand, and the feeling is exquisite; but you may do the same thing with a nettle, and the feeling is not so exquisite. There are a thousand little provocations, some of which are poisonous, and some of which are not. There is one way, and only one, of making them beneficial, if you have behind them common sense; and that is, to see to it that there goes along with them a sincere intent of kindness.

The root of all wisdom is love.

Although there is on the froth of what is called politeness a great deal that is foolish, yet politeness, in its true signification, is only another name for Christianity socially applied.

There is provocation in some men's faces. There is a challenge in the attitudes of some men.

In one man it is the reasoning power that is strongest. He may be very much exempt from the weakness (as he considers it) of affection; he may be very little given to gusty, precipitous feelings; he may not be courageous nor firm; but he is a great reasoner. Another man is not much of a reasoner, but he has prodigious perceptive power of mind. No fact escapes him, and no fact noticed by him is ever forgotten. He remembers all that he ever saw or heard. Another man possesses neither the one nor the other of these gifts, but he has a certain sort of quiet persistence. Having begun a thing, he is like the instrument employed in boring for an artesian well, that, driven by steam, goes through dirt and clay and rock, forever working, working, working, till it taps a stratum of water, and opens an

ever-flowing fountain. No stroke of genius ever moves him a quarter of an inch; but in the end it can be seen that he has gained.

If you look at men you shall find that they are accustomed to erect their strong part upon a throne of justice, and to employ it as a measure by which to judge of other people's excellence, and by which to administer praise or blame.

See how the business man, whose hold, when he has once put his hand to a thing, is like an iron clamp, and screwed up at that, talks about a man that is loose-handed.

He who is firm can not endure men that are always whiffling. Those who are secular and accumulative do not like a man that is like an empty bag.

If a man is full of imagination, he says, "I like men who are not dull and stupid." That is, he likes those who have imagination, like himself.

Another man likes substantial men who believe in realities. He does not like kite-flying men, who run after *moonbeams*, as he calls them.

The tendency of some men to reflect themselves, to a great degree, in the judgments which they form of others, is one of the most potent principles of life.

Father and mother are perpetually asking, "Where did that trait in this child come from?" If a child has a strong tendency away from business, in a family where the parents are both practical, they set to work to weed it out. God has given them a little poet that is being fledged to fly and sing and take the air for its realm; but the father means that he shall be a banker; and father and mother say, "What is this unprofitable tendency in our child?" The mother is firm, the father is stubborn as a mule, and they blindly use their strongest faculties, or their habits, which are like faculties, to oppress and tryannize over the child.

If you employ to instruct your children a slip-

shod and shiftless girl, who never saw any relation of cause and effect except between a ribbon and admiration, whose work is overdone or not done at all, or, as the familiar expression is, *all of whose fingers are thumbs*, how is she rebuked by your order, and despised and hunted down!

The pain inflicted by the tongue is far greater, I think, than the pleasure imparted by it.

I may mention the unconscious selfishness which there is in teasing, in repartee, in sarcasm, in the whole brilliant but dangerous realm of what is called *wit*. These things are perfectly allowable within certain limitations. Badgering, rocket-firing, everything that has the effect of exciting people and waking them up, if it is essentially kind, is right and proper.

He is a benefactor who employs wit and fancy so as to keep men alive about him; but he is a wise man who knows how to use these little provocations so as to produce pleasure and not pain.

When a man carries himself among men with such sensitive pride that all who meet him are obliged to say, "Now let me think of every word, and watch every thought," they are not on fair terms with him.

It is a great misfortune to have a disposition that carries cold and dampness wherever you go.

Some walk among men like monarchs among their subjects, exacting tribute on every side. It is sad to have such persons in this world; it is sad to have many people in it that *are* in it; it is sad to be in it ourselves. We are all mixed up. You are walking one way, and I am walking another. You do your mischief in one direction, and I do mine in another. Who shall cast the first stone?

The most comprehensive way of producing pleasure for men's good to edification, is to have your own life surcharged with divine benevolence.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

XIX.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

As flowers blossom, become fragrant, and are followed by fruit, not so much by the direct exercise of power as by the solicitation of invisible warmth and sweet influences, so there shall come a time when that which we now attempt to compass by coercive laws and penalties shall be educed and secured in a higher measure, in larger spheres, more thoroughly and better, by simple influence.

A letter is nothing but rags with lampblack spread over it, if you resolve it into its original elements; and yet the letter that bursts from the soul as an incarnation of its love and burning desire, going through the channels of the mail, and reaching afar off the soldier boy in his camp,

is more cheering to him in his sickness, and more curative to him in his wounds, than all the care of the nurse, or all the medicine of the physician. A mother's word of memory and home thoughts almost creates life within the ribs of death. A letter is received from home. And what is it? A bit of paper with ink-scrawls. Is that all? Did not the mother say, "This is I! Go for me, and speak my soul to that dear child, which I have given to my country and my God"?

She did; and the message went; and was not that her personal influence? Did she not unclothe the soul that it might touch, as it were mechanically, the other soul?

A sad nature sheds forth twilight. A merry and mirthful nature brings daylight. A suspicious, bitter nature insensibly imparts its chill to every generous soul within its reach. A bold and frank nature overcomes meanness in men. Firmness makes them firm. Fineness makes them fine. Taste directs, stimulates and develops taste.

Nature is God's tongue. He speaks by summer and by winter. He can manifest himself by the wind, by the storm, by the calm. Whatever is sublime and potent, whatever is sweet and gentle, whatever is fear-inspiring, whatever is soothing, whatever is beautiful to the eye or repugnant to the taste, God may employ. The heavens above, and the procession of the seasons as they month by month walk among the stars, are various manifestations of God.

God is perpetually pouring his soul through time and space, though but few know it. Not one man in a thousand ever understands a great nature in his own age. We see this on the human plane; and how much more should we expect to see it in the divine sphere!

Personal influence as developed in man is in its lowest form, on account of the smallness of our nature and its undeveloped and unregulated condition; but what an amazing power it must have when it is the being of God that exerts it!

So small is man that it is not safe to let him burn on, and he stops to die that he may live again. Every twenty-four hours there are deaths and resurrections, as it were, by sleep, resting and cleansing the old life, to bring in the new life of the next day. Easily exhausted are we, running through our periods with much friction and great difficulty, so that we must have a night with every day for recuperation; but there is no night to Him that never slumbers nor sleeps—the Watchman of eternal ages; he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever; and what must be the being across whose orb are no lines of latitude or longitude, in whose soul are none of those partitions that belong to weakness, to whom duration and strength are infinite, who is as young now as when ten thousand years ago chaos was spread before him, and who myriads of ages to come will be without a wrinkle or touch of time upon the beauty of his soul! When such a nature, with its infinite resources and wondrous power, pours itself abroad, what must be its personal influence! When you, mother, can do so much; when you, lover, can do so much; when the speaker can so influence you by his words and his presence; how much more can He do who made the ages of men, and who lent us

all that we have and call our own, and misses it not from his infinite fullness! What a power there is in heaven, what a power there is on the earth, and what auspices and auguries there are of victory in days to come!

The most potent influence that ever can rest upon the mind is that of another mind acting upon it. This is the highest influence of which we know anything at present. There is nothing, for example, that has power on your thought like a thinker thinking *on* you, as it were, or thinking *to* you. Nothing so arouses the affection as a great heart near yours. Like a fire, it sends out its warmth to all that are near it, whether they want it or not.

Socrates had a certain influence; he stirred Athens as a spoon stirs the contents of a goblet; but Socrates would have lived almost none at all if he had not had his subsequent life through the Platonic writings.

When with outstretched arms of love you call

your child to you, what do you do but ask your body, as an instrument, to interpret to the soul, in the language of human beings, that which is an invisible power in the soul itself?

POWER IN MAN TO OVERCOME EVIL.

XX.

POWER IN MAN TO OVERCOME EVIL.

A great many men are so strong in their basilar nature as not to answer the great ends of life. They are too strong at the bottom and too weak at the top to be of much use. Other men are too strong at the top and too weak at the bottom, and are useless for that reason. While they are strong in the moral nature they have no impelling force. They have neither courage nor power. Though they carry a good head, it is an inefficient head.

God has given you great forces, not to be held for promiscuous, unregulated uses, but to be directed in right channels. In the stalls of the human soul, in all the lower range of faculties, there is not one steed for which there is not harness or bridle, and which, being bitted and trained, a man cannot ride and drive.

We are not to attempt to suppress the faculties with which God has endowed us. Do you suppose that when he created the fabric of your being he put into it one thread too many? that he gave you one faculty which you do not need? Think you that when he implanted pride in your nature he meant it should be rooted out? You might as well take the backbone out of a man as to deprive him of this faculty. What is a man without a backbone? And what is a man without this central element of self-respect?

You must go through the world with just such faculties as God has given you. Every man, looking at himself, should say, "With this hull, with these spars, with these sails, with this compass, I must make the voyage of life." Are you finely built? Are you an object of beauty? And do you sit like a duck on the water? Then it will be comparatively easy for you to make the voyage alone. Or, are you blunt at the bow? Are you clumsy? And is your rigging unwieldy? Then do not cut your bow. You cannot change its form. You need not attempt to alter your spars and rigging. You must take that bow,

those spars and that rigging, and make the voyage with them as they are. God shoves you out and says, "There, go to the other side;" and you must pass through the same storms and the same currents that those of better build are obliged to pass through. Some are built like noble steamers, some like fine sailing vessels, and some like scows; and each is to cross the ocean with what God has given him. Many are lying on the beach, whining, "Oh, if I were built so!" That has nothing to do with it. You are built just as you are, your form is just what it is, and you cannot change it. If a man's power is basilar it is worse than useless for him to lament that it is not intellectual. We are not to attempt to make ourselves over, but we are to take what God has given us, and travel homeward with it.

A hot, irritable nature may not be converted into an even and calm one, but a man who has a great deal of nerve, who is like a flame of fire, who is constitutionally quick and imperious, can teach his faculties to work in such a way as to make his quickness and imperiousness a benefit, and not a curse.

The liability of men to have moods will never change, any more than the liability of the ocean to have tides will change. If a man is so made that his blood courses in his veins like tides in the Bay of Fundy, how can it be otherwise than that when the tides go out he shall be on the sand?

As a crooked piece of timber can be made straight, though its nature cannot be changed, so a man's faults can be corrected, though his natural disposition cannot be rooted out.

Men may overcome passions and appetites; but not simply by letting the sun shine upon them, any more than great swamps can be improved by letting the sun shine upon them.

The engineer, by striking channels through the low, level morass, where nothing thrives but noisome reptiles and insects, can drain it and make it capable of yielding luxuriant growths useful to men. And a man may subsoil and drain himself.

PLANS IN LIFE.

XXI.

PLANS IN LIFE.

Of all the sad things in this world, I think the saddest is the leaf that tells what love meant to be, and the turning of the leaf that tells what love has been. All blossoms—all ashes; all smiles and gladness—all tears and sadness. Nothing is so beautiful as the temple that love builds, and nothing is so miserable as the service of that temple.

There comes a time when the maiden departs from her father's house. She is called, she answers, she departs. Ah! how many visions of angels have there been! but they were not God's angels. How many have gone out walking on flowers a little way, to find that the flowers changed to thorns! How many have gone out from their father's house borne on the seraphic

experience of love, scarcely touching the ground for joyfulness, to find little by little that love flowed away like a summer's brook, and left in its place but the bare channel and the gravel! How many have gone out to build a fiction which perished faster than the image fashioned in snow, which melts in the handling!

Love is not a possession, but a growth. The heart is a lamp with just oil enough to burn for an hour, and if there be no oil to put in again its light will go out. God's grace is the oil that fills the lamp of love.

A godless woman entering into the marriage relation goes as a lamb to the slaughter. Wreaths of flowers are about her neck, but the knife is not far off!

MOTIVES FOR ACTION.

XXII.

MOTIVES FOR ACTION.

Hunger, cold, all the evils of the inclement season, are so many lashes that are always driving men and saying to them, "Work, or suffer!"

The habit of acting from the highest considerations is that which makes a man noble. The recognition of nobility may be conferred upon men, but not nobility itself. The king lays a sword on a man's shoulder and calls him a knight; but he was a knight before he was knighted, or he would not have received the title. It was the heroic endurance, the death-defying courage, the skill and coolness with which he achieved his notable deeds, that made him a knight. He was in himself royal and noble, and the king, seeing it, said to all men, "I see it," when he laid his sword on his shoulder.

Nobles' sons are oftentimes monkeys, they themselves being clods.

Florence Nightingale, all her life habituated to act from divine pity, and never dreaming of future honor or fame, discerned what other women in England failed to see—a beneficence based on self-sacrifice, and practiced in obedience to the will of the Master; and she became famous because God gave her the opportunity to do on a large scale what she had been doing on a small scale all her life.

There are many children (and men are but children overgrown) that work because they are praised for working. Their reputation and position in life have been gained; their standing among men is more than equal to that of those whose praise they covet; their industries are known; they are praised; and praise turns the wheel of their will.

If one does a kind thing, saying to himself, "This will come back to me," he will get what

he sows; but if one does a kind thing from the highest feelings of benevolence, there is not one of the motives, from the top of the scale clear down to the bottom, that will not offer up to him in time its appropriate remuneration.

It makes all the difference in the world whether you begin at the bottom and act from the lowest motives up, or whether you begin at the top and act from the highest motives down.

There are many who act from insignificant and even ignominious motives, and attempt to gloss over those motives with the varnish of higher ones.

If a man acts from the lowest motives, he is in commerce with the lowest things, and gets what they produce.

That motive which is all the time inspiring you to work is the chisel that is cutting out your portrait. The higher the motive, the higher

becomes the sculpturing hand which is fashioning your features. If the motive is the highest, the lineaments are being painted to represent all the beauty of divine nobility.

That man's discipline in life is void who goes on drudging and plodding, and doing things that he does not want to do. He is born a clod. From dust he came, and to dust he goes back.

He who knows how to do, daily, deeds that everybody does, from the top of his head, is noble; and that which he achieves he achieves easily, because he has long been in the practice of acting from the highest and noblest considerations. Valor, defiance of death, willingness to be sacrificed for one's country—these are bred in men; but they were in them before the occasion found them, or they would not have been developed in them.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

XXIII.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Every machine, although when first invented it seems to supersede the laborer, has the effect to raise him one step higher. Every time an iron muscle is invented, it gives emancipation to a human muscle. Whenever you enslave a machine that you have a right to hold in bondage, you set free ten thousand slaves that you have no right to hold in bondage.

Almost every influence in the world that is working now, judging from hundreds of years to hundreds of years, is flowing in one direction; and that direction is toward the emancipation, elevation, education and empowering of the great mass of mankind. The tendency of religion is in this direction. It has worked out one vein, and hierarchies have had their day. It is taking on

more democratic forms, and will take them on from this time forth.

The attempt of Christian nations, at great expense and trouble, to civilize poor miserable barbarians, has a tendency to increase in the popular estimation the value of men, without regard to their accidents of condition or circumstance. Man has risen in the market.

Down to the time of Cowper English literature (particularly that part of it which comprises its poems) was filled with a supercilious contempt for the common people. The peasants, the yeomen, were treated as mats on which fine people might rub their feet and clean their shoes, being considered as good for nothing in themselves, and serviceable only by reason of their relation to the upper classes.

Government is not a thing to be chosen, except so far as necessity is itself a choice. Adaptation is a kind of generic choice. As ignorance dis-

appears, monarchies disappear; and as ignorance comes back, monarchies come back.

The same reason that compels the Crown to divide its power with the higher classes will go on, steadily compelling these higher classes to admit fresh sections into the upper circle.

In every generation tyranny contracts its sphere; and now we see preparations for a higher type of government.

The discovery of the use of steam was the poor man's benefactor, for it has lifted him ten degrees where it has the rich man one.

Now the poor man has better food than the rich man used to have. There is not a truckman in New York who does not live better than Alexander did. We should think ourselves treated worse than the prisoners at Sing-Sing, if we had to live as royalty did three or four hundred years ago.

The spirit of humanity, the appreciation of human worth under a rough exterior, and a desire for the welfare of every man, sprang up within the last hundred years. Literature throughout the world has been growing purer, and to-day it is at least human, if not spiritual.

More and more every year pictures are coming to be owned by persons of moderate or slender means, because they have an appetite for beauty and must have beauty to feed it.

God's hand, like a sign-board, is pointing toward the elevation of mankind, and saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." The road is very muddy in some spots, and the march will be slow, but the progress will be in one way. Though it be like the march into summer out of winter, or the march of Israel into the promised land out of Egypt, self-government will at last be reached.

GENEROSITY AND BENEVOLENCE.

XXIV.

GENEROSITY AND BENEVOLENCE.

Experience teaches us that there is nothing in the world so cheap as giving. If a poor man comes to my door, and I give him a quarter, and send him away, I buy my own peace with that quarter. To take my hat and go with him to the miserable den where he lives, and explore the history of his case, and ascertain what his wants are, and institute a systematic remedy for his troubles which shall relieve them, not for to-day merely but for his whole life—that would be benevolence. It is a cheap commutation to give him a quarter and turn him off.

Generosity is the kindness of the lower nature; benevolence is the kindness of the higher nature. The one carries with it the *sense* element; the other carries with it the *soul* element. Generosity is the kindness of our bodily life and the

faculties which are more immediately connected with it; benevolence is the kindness of the soul-life and the faculties belonging to it.

Separated from generosity, benevolence runs into mischiefs different from the mischiefs of exclusive generosity, but as real. The two things ought to be married. It is not good for either to be alone. Generosity has its benefits if rightly affianced to benevolence, and benevolence has its benefits if rightly affianced to generosity. Each by itself has peculiar evils. Benevolence separated from generosity is apt to become cold to present suffering, and to come into sympathy with abstract principles more than with real human life; and at last it comes to be a spirit of inhumanity, inexorable for the general good, but indifferent to the particular.

Generosity is the militia that enlist for three months, while benevolence is the regular force that enlist for the war.

This world is to be disenthralled, regenerated;

it is to be developed from age to age, and more and more; but its regeneration and development can not be accomplished by evanescent spurts of generosity.

Men whose kindness is shallow, men who, every hour of the day, do something, though what they do is no deeper than their palm or their pocket, always have the reputation of being noble natures; while other men who give their time, their thought, their feeling, their very life, and have nothing else to give, are looked upon as, comparatively speaking, uncharitable.

It takes generosity to begin with, and benevolence to end with, one leading on to the other, and both acting harmoniously. United, they keep each other healthy.

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